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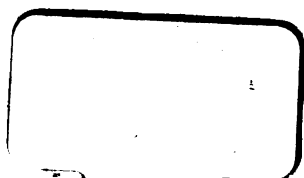
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TOUGH YARNS;  
A SERIES  
OF  
NAVAL TALES AND SKETCHES

TO PLEASE ALL HANDS,

*From the Sticks on the Shoulders down to the Sticks in the Head.*

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BY THE OLD SAILOR,  
AUTHOR OF "GREENWICH HOSPITAL," ETC.

*Matthew Henry BAKER*  
IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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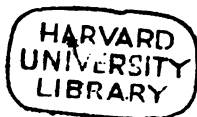
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# TOUGH YARNS.

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## GHOST STORIES.

*"Glendower.*—I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

*Hotspur.*—Why, so can I; or so can any man:  
But will they come when you do call for them?"

*King Henry IV.*

I WISH my young readers had been acquainted with my worthy and excellent father, for he cared not a snap of the finger for ghosts and hobgoblins, and he would actually walk through a churchyard at midnight without feeling the smallest particle of fear. Now, it may be supposed that his children (of whom I was the third) were naturally as courageous as their father; but from certain circumstances this was not the case. For whilst my worthy sire would have bidden defiance to a whole army of apparitions, myself and my brothers (there were five of us) would tremble at every noise after dusk, and when we were in bed,

bury our faces in the blankets, lest something alarming should appear: nay more, not one of us would remain a moment in the dark without screaming, even if persons were in the same room; or be left alone in any place, though it was broad daylight and the sun shining in all his splendour.

I have said that my father was courageous; but then what ghost would have dared to attack him, or ventured to appear in his presence? He had fought many battles; he had braved the wind, and the storm, and the howling tempest: he had undauntedly looked death in the face, and the unrelenting tyrant had plundered him on every possible occasion, in his violent efforts to carry him off altogether. Thus the brave man had at different times lost an eye, and an arm, the calf of his right leg, and sundry slicings and cuttings from various parts of his really handsome person; so that a thought of frightening him never could have entered the mind of any supernatural being, —at least, of any rational one. This was the opinion of us boys respecting our father; but as to ourselves, it was quite another thing. We were children, and ghosts might rub their cold noses against our faces in the night, or start up out of the ground to terrify us during the day with impunity; for that there were such things as ghosts it would have been impossible to entertain a mo-

ment's doubt, having, as we certainly had, the undisputed authority of Susan the housemaid, backed by the matter-of-fact accounts of Jane the cook, and the whole fully authenticated by old nurse, who declared that she had actually seen a spirit; but I suspect it was at a time when *spirits* were pretty plentiful with her.

My parents were much out in company, and then the evenings were employed in telling the most horrible tales of murders, of sudden deaths, and of those who shortened their brief span of life on account of disappointments in love. Oh! how often has a cold sick shuddering come upon my young heart at pictures of the diabolical cruelty of human nature, when "man became a wolf to man!" and how has terror shaken every joint in my childish frame to hear of the restless spirit of the murdered, clothed in corporeal semblance, escaping from its cold prison-house to haunt the guilty slayer! How frequently have the tears trickled down my pale face at the hapless adventures of blighted affection; and many a time did my infantile imagination follow the retributive form that constantly haunted the wretch who had broken the vow of fidelity and truth! Nor was there wanting a good sprinkling of *accurate* stories about highwaymen and housebreakers, gentlemen thieves for whom young maids wept when they considered them deserving a better fate.

The house we lived in was a very ancient but strong building, and exactly the sort of place to excite superstitious feelings—in fact, a sort of ghostery. There were some strange tales told about it; and the unaccountable noises in the chimneys which frightened the birds that built their nests there, and the hollow murmuring sounds that proceeded, particularly in windy weather, from behind the old oak panels of the rooms, all conspired to do that which my parents had but little idea of,—namely, to unnerve the system and weaken the intellect.

Still I was no coward, for I would always defend myself against any boy of my size, and was ready to undertake the usual hazardous enterprises of children; but a subtle poison was working within, which bade fair to render the mind imbecile, and to undermine the constitution. My parents became sensible of our altered condition, and when it was almost beyond redemption, were made acquainted with the cause. My father, in his usual blunt manner, made use of a strong argument against ghosts. "Boys," said he, "you are a pack of fools: remember this, that those who are gone to Heaven, are too happy to quit it; and those who are gone to a place of torment, the devil won't part with even for a moment." Of course a change took place among the servants, who were blamed for instilling pernicious princi-

ples into our minds, but which they could not have done had my parents used a little more watchfulness to guard against it.

I was destined for the sea, and at an early age to sea I went. But though I had risen superior to many apprehensions which once tortured me, yet there were times when I could not entirely conquer former weaknesses; and a few weeks after the frigate to which I belonged had left Plymouth on a three months' cruise, one of the quarter-masters of the name of Buckley died, and, as is the usual custom, the body was sewed up in a hammock preparatory to interment. The poor fellow had expired late in the afternoon, and the committal of the corpse to the deep was to take place the following morning. Now Buckley had shown me a great deal of kindness, and taught me to knot and splice, and other parts of a seaman's duty; besides, he had always slept at no great distance from me, and both of us were in the same watch; yet I could not subdue the horror I felt struggling in my breast, at the thoughts of passing the night near the cock-pit where I supposed the dead man to be laid. I dared not mention a word of this to my messmates, lest it should have ruined my character for ever; and as I was to take the morning watch, I went early to my hammock—but not to sleep. The close proximity to the corpse excited the most sick-

ening sensations, which I found it impossible to get rid of; horrible phantoms floated before my imagination, and if weary nature exerted her prerogative and sank into repose for a moment, I started with dread lest the cold hand of the old man should be pressed heavily on my heart. At length my mind was harrowed up beyond human endurance; the watch below had turned in; there was no light except the glimmering in the lantern of the sentry, and he sat dozing at his post. I thought I could catch the spot where the corpse was extended, and faintly discern the outline of his form. To remain longer was impossible; the bell struck four,\* and slipping on my jacket and trousers, over which I hastily wrapped my watch-coat, I cautiously ascended to the deck, but, ashamed to be seen, I crept into the launch,† which was between the booms, and finding a hammock, which I supposed to have been negligently left there by one of the seamen, I laid myself down upon it, and pulling over me an old sail with which it had been covered, I was soon in a deep and refreshing slumber.

The corpse was to be committed to the deep whilst all hands were upon deck, during the relief of the watch at four o'clock in the morning;

\* Ten o'clock at night.

† The largest boat belonging to a ship.

and exactly at that moment, I was awoke by some one shaking me rather roughly by the shoulder. In an instant I sprung up; horrid recollections rushed upon me: it was broad daylight; many eyes were staring at me, some with astonishment, others with mirth; but, oh! how can I describe the terrible thrill that ran through every vein, when on looking at the hammock which had served me for a bed, I discovered that I had through the whole of the night been sleeping with the dead man for my companion, the body having been removed to the launch late in the preceding evening! I could not speak; I could not shriek; but I burst into an hysterical fit of laughter, and that saved me;—for the spectators, not knowing what was passing in my mind, took it for bravado. Many were the jokes respecting my attachment to old Buckley; and thus I was severely punished for my folly.

Two years passed away, during which I had occasional returns of terror and alarm, arising from my dread of non-existents, though I had been in two or three engagements and gained some applause for my conduct. The frigate I had first joined had been laid up unserviceable, and I was now in a beautiful eighteen-gun brig-sloop on the South American station. The tale of old Buckley was no longer the subject of amusement to others and torture to me, for the circumstance

was unknown to my new messmates; and I entertained hopes that in the course of time, I should be enabled to overcome the feelings which but too frequently oppressed me.

The sloop was attached to the expedition intended to subjugate (for any other design was futile) the city of Monte Video, in the river Plata; and, with several other vessels, we were employed to capture the island of Goretta, in Maldonado Bay. There were three strong batteries, with long twenty-four and thirty-two pounders mounted, and these batteries were well manned with Spaniards; but they were compelled to yield to the intrepidity of our brave tars after a severe slaughter, considering the comparatively small number of men engaged. After the conflict, small parties were posted in various places round the island to prevent a surprise, whilst the main body with the commanding officer occupied a large building in the centre.

Midnight came,—a dark, dreary, cold, starless midnight, and I was ordered to visit all the outposts to see that the sentinels were alert upon their duty. The dead bodies of those who had fallen in battle remained unburied. I had looked upon many a bleeding and mangled form during the day; I had seen many a poor wretch writhing in the last pang of mortal agony; I had gazed with a sort of desperate wildness on the convul-



sive contortions which expiring nature had left upon the countenance; and now, in the stillness and solitude of night, to traverse the spot where they lay in promiscuous heaps as they had fallen, my very soul was harrowed up! I would not disobey, and I did not dare to ask for attendance lest my secret should transpire.

Alone then I departed, every nerve agitated with the commotion that shook my trembling frame. Alone I took my way to the nearest outpost, often starting aside as some stiffened corpse lay stretched across my path. The hollow moaning of the waves breaking against the rugged rocks, came with a fearful sound upon the wind, which rushed past in hurried gusts, and now and then a half-stifled groan burst from some poor creature who yet survived the carnage and was recovering sensibility. I had reached about halfway to my first place of destination, when my faculties became in a great measure paralysed, on hearing something behind which emitted a strange and unnatural noise. I determined to face it, and turned round for that purpose. The atmosphere was dense and hazy, enveloping the earth in darkness; but amidst the gloom, a most horrible figure kept rising up to more than mortal height, and then again sinking to scarcely half the stature of a man; two immense projections issued from its hideously formed head, and a pair

of burning eyes glared with vengeful fierceness upon me: all my old feelings returned; dismay crept upon my spirit; and making one desperate effort, I ran with amazing rapidity from this terrific object. But alas! I had not run far, when I stumbled over a dead body, and fell in the midst of several others. I stretched out my hands to assist me in rising, and they rested upon the cold clammy face of a corpse! Once more upon my feet, I looked round; the monster was close to me, rising and falling as it had done before, and again I bounded away without knowing whither. A building presented itself, which I hoped was one of the outposts, and hastily entering it, I fell about twelve feet into a space below, but sustained no bodily injury as the floor was covered with piles of seal skins. Here, in thick darkness and insensibility, I lay for several hours, when I was accidentally discovered by a party who had clandestinely left the main-body to seek for plunder, and were attracted to the spot by seeing an enormous *he-goat* near the entrance to the building. By the light of the lantern which they carried I was readily recognised, and soon rescued from my uncomfortable situation. The fresh air and human voices speedily restored me to animation, and almost the first thing I saw, quietly standing amid the group of seamen, was the innocent cause of my alarm and misfortune,—*the great he-goat!* My

fall was attributed to accident; and, attended by the party, I visited the outposts and made my report to the commanding officer. The account of my adventure soon spread, but the occurrence was attributed to any thing except the real cause, as the different tale-tellers had each a story of his own to magnify my intrepidity; and thus my weakness not only again escaped detection, but I actually gained approbation for my courage. From that hour my determination became more and more strengthened to resist the pusillanimity, which in spite of every effort would at times attack me.

I was next employed in the capture of Monte Video, or rather the city of San Philip, which is the proper name,—Monte Video being a lofty mountain on one promontory of a deep bay, as the city of San Philip stands on the extreme point of the other promontory. After the city was taken, I was stationed at night on the flat roof of a house which communicated with several others; having received orders to be very vigilant, and in case of any thing material occurring to forward immediate information to the officer in command of the party, who was to despatch the intelligence to head-quarters. The post was one of extreme importance, and had been entrusted to me on account of my apparent fearlessness. It overlooked the gates leading to the shores of the

bay, which, though in our possession, were frequently visited by guerilla bands, who secretly dealt death to the incautious sentinels. I had been about one hour upon the look out, and had suppressed the rising sensations of terror which had more than once attacked me; when, to my great surprise, a large empty earthenware crate; that stood in the corner of the next flat began to move slowly along the roof. I had been leaning over the parapet of the house with my back towards the crate, but the slight rustling made by the movement caused me to glance over my shoulder without appearing to turn my head. The motion ceased; but I could not doubt the fact, for the crate was not in the situation where I had first seen it. I still remained in my position without stirring, but kept my eyes directed by a sidelong glance towards the object. Again it moved, but so slowly and noiselessly, that by a person possessing a mind of any other stamp than mine, it would have passed unheard and consequently unheeded. In vain I struggled to suppress my emotion,—trembling imbecility was rapidly creeping upon my system,—all my former terrors were reviving, when at that moment the devices of the guerillas recurred to my recollection, and cocking the lock of a pistol, I stood in perfect readiness. Again the crate moved, so as to get more into my rear; but a picket-guard passing

through the street below, I called to the officer and instantly sprang over the breastwork that divided the two roofs, and ran to that part which was most likely to cut off a retreat if the crate had been moved by human agency,—of which, I confess, I entertained strong doubts. These, however, were soon dispelled; for I had scarcely reached my station, when the crate was thrown up, and the tall gaunt figure of a guerilla was for an instant seen against the dim light of the sky. But it was only for an instant: our pistols seemed to be discharged at the same moment of time. I heard his ball whistle by my ears, and it left a tingling sensation that indicated how very close it had passed to my head: the smoke hindered me from seeing more, but I felt the sharp point of a knife graze down my breast,—I heard a heavy fall into the street below,—a fire of musketry succeeded;—then followed a wild shriek, and the guerilla was a corpse! His knife had been intended for my heart, but a backward step on my part, saved me: the skin was slightly scratched, and the instrument remained in my coat without doing further injury.

In what manner the desperado had gained the roof, I could not then divine; and I felt certain that he was not under the crate on my first taking the post, as I had carefully examined it. I had afterwards an opportunity of witnessing the mode

by which he had accomplished it, and it was simply through the efforts of a number of men, who were raised up successively on each other's shoulders. His design was assassination and plunder. For my share in this transaction, I obtained the approval of Sir Home Popham, and was raised in temporary rank.

The next trial of my nervous system was at Sierra Leone. I was then in a frigate, and as fears were entertained that the French were about to make a descent upon some part of the settlement, (a French squadron having been seen hovering off the coast,) the free negroes were armed and enrolled as volunteers. To effect this at a village about six miles in the interior, I was despatched with proper orders, and the boat landed me at the nearest point to my place of destination. It was late in the evening before my duty was completed; and as I was particularly desirous to return to the ship and make my report, an officer of the York Rangers lent me a beautiful and spirited horse, which I mounted, though not without a few misgivings, which were much increased when I was jocosely requested not to fall in love with the "ghost" on my road. On the wayside stood a lone and uninhabited house, where a trafficker in human flesh had murdered his wife; and ever since, the lady, or her apparition, had presented herself after dark before the gate. Beyond this house were the re-

remains of a negro village, which previously to colonization had been attacked by slave-dealers and burned. The aged inhabitants were massacred, the young were borne to slavery; and now it was asserted that the former visited their old habitations, and called aloud for vengeance to redress their wrongs. Such tales were not calculated to inspire composure; but I strove to laugh at the jokes passed on me, and started off at full speed, declaring that "the ghosts should have a long chase, if they felt inclined to sport."

The empty boast still faltered on my heart and my tremulous hand could scarcely hold the rein, when the house of death, all desolate, appeared in view. Striking the spurs into the sides of the generous animal, he sprang forward on his way, and passed the dreadful spot without my witnessing any thing to excite horror.

Although the moon was up, yet storms were on the wind, and heavy clouds obscured her light. Often in imagination did I hear the shrieks of the slaughtered negroes as they came howling on the gale, whilst I rapidly approached the ruined village which had been the terrific scene of blood. A black cloud thick with darkness overshadowed the picture, and spread a gloomy wildness over every object. The horse buried his hoofs deep in the sand, and, like an arrow from a bow, continued his fleet career; when, in a moment, he stopped, threw out his forelegs and reared upon

his haunches, while steaming foam issued from his nostrils. It was with considerable difficulty that I retained my seat; and as the creature refused to proceed, I rode back a short distance and again made an effort to pursue my direct road, but in vain; the animal stopped at the same spot, and flew from side to side of the highway, nor could the whip and spur urge him to advance.

Several times did I repeat the same attempt; and though a chilling awe crept through my veins and made my blood run cold, yet nothing had presented itself to my sight, though it was evident that the eyes of the horse were fixed upon something supernaturally terrific.

At length the moon shed her dim light through a fleecy cloud, and then with horror and amazement I beheld the cause of terror; for right in the middle of the road appeared a long black coffin, and the pale beams of the moon glanced on the white escutcheons fixed on the top. Every feeling of the soul was racked to the extreme; every fibre of the heart was nerved to desperation; and, mustering all my breath, I uttered the great and awful name to which both quick and dead must pay obedience. The lid of the coffin was thrown up,—a figure slowly raised itself and gazed upon me, whilst my whole existence seemed quivering on the verge of eternity. The horse pawed the ground with uncontrolled fury; the howling of the gale seemed more dreadful;—when a hollow



voice, with distinct utterance, vociferated, "Don't be alarmed, 'tis only Uncle Joey!—So, so, poor fellow! so, so!"

The horse, hearing a well-known sound, became pacified; and then I ascertained that Uncle Joey, a corporal in the newly-raised volunteers, had been to town to fetch an *arm-chest*, which had been made by a carpenter to deposit the muskets in. Having, however, drank rather freely, he had found himself drowsy on his way back; so getting into the chest (which was painted black with a tin plate on the lid) and shutting himself in, he had enjoyed a comfortable nap, till the snorting of the animal and my shouting brought about his resurrection.

I hardly need say how much my heart was lightened by this explanation, and that I parted with Uncle Joey and his shell in much better spirits than had attended our meeting. Since that time I have had occasional returns of panic, but they have gradually diminished, and I am now almost as daring as my late excellent father, and except during temporary fits of nervous relaxation, care neither for ghost nor goblin; and I trust, that whilst my readers who are parents will keep a watchful eye that servants do not instil pernicious feelings into the breasts of their offspring, my young readers will rest satisfied on the assurance of an old man, that all ghosts are in reality mere Uncle Joeys.

## FRERE DU DIABLE.

"Some said he was a wizard wight,  
Some said he was a devil."

Whoever has visited Italy, must retain a lasting remembrance of its romantic beauties, its delicious climate, and the balmy odours exhaled from the glowing productions of its soil. It was in one of the most delightful parts of this luxuriant country, that Joachim Galeazzo cultivated his extensive vineyards, and his wealth and influence rendered him of considerable importance, not only in the immediate neighbourhood, but throughout the province where he resided. Possessed of a fine manly form, and endowed with a countenance of mild benevolence, it could be no wonder that he was united to a female whose loveliness first attracted his attention, and whose sweetness of disposition secured the best affections of his heart. Smiling little cherubs blessed their union, gladdening prospects crowned their industry, and happiness shed contentment on their days. It was delightful to see the interesting

family group, after the heat of the day had subsided, assembling round the margin of the clear fountain to enjoy its refreshing coolness, or reveling on the verdant lawn and sporting in their innocence and gayety.

But this was a bliss too pure to continue long. That plague of kings and scourge of nations—ambition, urged Napoleon on to conquest; and war, with its attendant horrors, spread devastation through the fertile valleys, while ravages heightened by ruthless ferocity marked the progress of the invaders. In vain did the peasants rush to defend their country and their homes; the army of the conqueror advanced amid smoking ruins and burning villages, the ashes of which were quenched only by the blood of slaughtered victims. Galeazzo possessed a soul of undaunted courage, and he determined to exert his utmost efforts to repel the approaching storm. He assembled a band of the bravest of his countrymen, and a solemn oath was pledged upon the altar, that they would expel the sanguinary invaders from their native soil, or die in the attempt.

It was an affecting sight to see those self-devoted heroes parting from their families and friends. Mothers and maidens, amid all the anxious emotions which fill the female heart with apprehension, looked with glowing pride upon the men they loved; and the small but firm phalanx bade

adieu to their peaceful habitations, and to those whom danger bound more strongly round their hearts, determined that no disgrace should tarnish their fair fame.

Galeazzo and his band of patriots marched towards the enemy, and nearly the whole of them fell in the desperate struggle for liberty. They had, however, inspired their countrymen with fresh vigour, and the career of Napoleon was for a short time checked. The gallant conduct of Galeazzo, who still survived, pointed him out as a fit person to assume a higher command; a number of select and well tried men were therefore placed at his disposal, and without risking a general engagement, he commenced that species of guerilla warfare which afterwards became so terrible to the French.

But fortune, which at first crowned the efforts of Galeazzo with success, at length forsook him. In an evil hour he fell into a snare that had been laid to entrap him: his men were either killed or dispersed; and wounded almost to death, he returned to his own estate to aid the flight of his family to the mountains.

Almost fainting with the loss of blood, he arrived at the midnight hour on the borders of his vineyards. But the hand of the destroyer had been speedy; the red hue of the crackling flames streamed upon his sight, and overpowered with

agony and weakness, he sank to the ground behind a hedge of myrtle that screened him from observation. Insensibility would have been a blessing, but it came not; for though unable to rise from the spot where he had fallen, his mind was still acutely alive to all that passed within his view. He saw his little innocents butchered by the murderous hands of the inebriated troops; he saw his beautiful wife struggling in vain against the brutal violence of the soldiery; he beheld the bodies of his children—

"Their silver skins laced with their golden blood,"

thrown among the burning embers of their once happy home; his soul sickened at the spectacle, and his senses forsook him. At length the ruthless passions of the troops were satiated; demolition ceased, for there was nothing more to destroy, and they quitted the work of their impious hands to immolate other victims, and to offer fresh sacrifices at the shrine of Napoleon's ambition.

Morning dawned upon the wretched sufferer, who awoke once more to sense and misery; yet all around was calm, except when the solemn stillness was broken by the piercing death-shriek of some poor wretch in his mortal agony, or the distant discharge of artillery, which told a tale of slaughter. Still serenely beautiful was the clear

blue sky, tinged with the golden radiance of the sun; and the blushing flowers that had drunk the moistening dew breathed forth their odours to the morning breeze, blending the soul of sweetness with the cooling winds. But the song of the peasant, as he early plied his wonted task among the purple clusters of the vine, was heard no more. The very birds, scared by the blackening smoke that curled towards the heavens and like the blood of Abel cried from the ground for vengeance, had left the spot where desolation triumphed.

Life was rapidly passing away from the wretched Galeazzo; his wounds had burst out afresh in his struggles to rise, and he felt approaching dissolution spread its film over his eyes. Still he continued fearfully sensible of his situation, and waited for the hour when his mortal agony should cease.

At this moment, the whole expanse was filled with a wild unnatural yell, like the mingling laugh and shriek of the tortured maniac; and a female figure, her hair dishevelled and hanging down her bare and bleeding bosom, her white dress rent and deeply stained with human gore, appeared upon the lawn. Her left hand was writhed in the hair of a French soldier, who was wounded beyond the power of resistance; and with strength almost surpassing nature, she drag-

ged him towards the still glowing ashes of her once joyous habitation. Her right hand grasped a dagger, which was reeking with blood, and there she stood like another Hecate over her fallen prey. There was a maddened laugh—a scream—a shout of triumph—as she buried the ruddy steel in the body of the soldier; then flashed it in the sun, and again plunged it to the hilt in his breast. She gazed on her prostrate enemy with the fiend-like expression of a demon, and seemed to feel a terrible gratification in turning over every mangled corpse that bore the uniform of France, and with a direful vengeance thrusting the dagger into many a heart that had long ceased to beat. Unsatiated by revenge, she looked round for fresh offerings to her fury, and at length came to the spot where Galeazzo was crouched,

“Breathing the slow remains of life away.”

She looked upon his sunken eye and hollow cheek, and raising the weapon in her hand, “Diel wretch,” said she; “for thou hast nought to live for now.” But nature refused compliance with her purpose; the dagger dropped from her unnerved grasp, and she fell senseless by his side—it was his wife!

\* \* \* \* \*

The French army continued to advance almost unmolested, and thousands fled to the mountains to escape the ravages of war. But though these remained quiescent and passive at first, yet when the impulse of terror had subsided, the guerillas again formed themselves into an organized band, and swore eternal enmity to France. Their leader was a man of dauntless intrepidity and cool determination. Ever foremost in the conflict and always the last in the retreat, he soon became a conspicuous object to the invaders; and when the army encamped near Capua, his single hand performed prodigies of valour. The outposts were constantly attacked; the sentinels, even in the very centre of the main body, were found dead upon their post; and but a few of the foraging parties ever returned to supply the wants of the soldiery. All succour was cut off from seaward by the British cruisers, and provisions began rapidly to diminish in spite of even the masterly commissariat of Bonaparte.

The officers had been accustomed to make excursions into the surrounding country; but this was at last forbidden, for there was scarcely a jutting crag or thicket that did not conceal a desperate enemy, whose shining blade or long fusée was prompt to deal destruction. In vain were whole brigades called out to scour the country; the guerillas were secure in their mountain-



holds, and bade defiance to their foes. Attempts were made to dislodge them from their positions, but they were utterly fruitless; for though a few prisoners fell into the hands of the French, and after suffering torture were hung upon the branches of trees as spectacles for their companions, yet this did but instigate them to firmer resolve and to deeper revenge.

The chief had been known repeatedly to visit the camp of the invading army in disguise; and once, on being detected and pursued, the bullets whistled around him in every direction; but he escaped unhurt, and superstition whispered that his body was impervious to shot. The sentinels declared that they had seen him assume a variety of shapes, for he was sometimes perceived in the form of a wolf stealing from bush to bush, and then he would suddenly emerge in all the vigour and prime of manhood; but pursuit seemed useless, for he was said to disappear so suddenly, that none but those who were under the protection of superhuman agency could otherwise have escaped. A general consternation spread among the soldiery; even the commanders caught the infection, and this desperate leader became known to the whole army under the appellation of Frere du Diable. Large rewards were set upon his head; many of the officers bound themselves by oath to take him dead or alive, but their oath

was generally sealed in death. Oftentimes when the wine was set upon the convivial board, and the canvass walls echoed to the sounds of mirth, the alarm was given that Frere du Diable was in the camp, and every weapon was prepared and every eye alert for action. Oftentimes at the evening hour, when the generous wine had warmed the flagging courage, would some one or other, more bold than his companions, laugh at their pusillanimity and swear to destroy the common foe; but the morning light generally saw him a corpse, with some certain token that either Frere du Diable or one of his comrades had dealt the blow.

It was about this time that Sir Sidney Smith commanded a fine frigate in the Mediterranean, and few men were better adapted for the conducting that sort of amphibious warfare which attended the hostilities on the shores of Italy. Dauntless intrepidity and daring resolution were mingled with a skilful knowledge of his profession; and there was a certain degree of romantic enthusiasm in his enterprises, which strongly displayed his adventurous and chivalrous spirit. The defeat of the French at Acre, and other places, was an incontestible proof how well he could conduct operations on land; and in boarding and cutting out the vessels of the enemy from under the embrasures of well-mounted batteries, or in storm-

ing the batteries themselves, his cool courage and his steady skill were regarded as pledges of victory by the intrepid seamen. But his chief delight was to lead his men under the cover of the twilight glow of an Italian night through the dark mazes of the forest, or winding among the huge masses of rock that lined the coast, where the wild guerilla crossed his path or joined his band and gave intelligence of the enemy.

It would be impossible for language to do adequate justice to such a scene. The slow movements of a hundred men, who crept from bush to bush without a whisper,—the cautious and silent advance upon the enemy,—the red watch-fire that marked the temporary encampment of the French, and the occasional challenge of the drowsy sentinel at the outpost, which died away upon the breeze as tranquillity was restored,—the crouching down in breathless silence till suspicion was lulled,—oh! there was a degree of enchantment in the whole which then was realized, but cannot now be described.

To the seamen these expeditions were a source of real amusement, and they afforded them repeated opportunities for indulging in their characteristic humour. When the word was passed for the boats to be manned, (and none but volunteers were permitted to go with the captain,) the hoarse voice of the boatswain's mate followed his

shrill pipe, and as the words "Bush-fighters away!" resounded down the hatchways, every man fore-and-aft knew the purport of the summons, and all would have gladly joined the party for the shore.

But though I say all, it must be admitted that the old master was an exception; he would have fought the devil himself in his ship, or would have run her flying jib-boom into the very quarters of his satanic majesty if he had caught him afloat; but he had no idea of "land privateering," as he termed it. "A sailor," he said, "always gets out of soundings ashore, and without knowing his bearings and distances, generally runs upon a false reckoning." The fact was, he was as much a piece of the frigate as any timber-head in her hull; and nothing short of being wrecked or blown up could have separated them.

Sir Sidney had obtained intelligence that Frere du Diable was in the neighbourhood of his cruising ground, and wishing to communicate with him for the purpose of ascertaining the precise situation and operations of the French, the boats were manned and armed, and an hour before day-break the whole party landed in a small cove formed by rocks that entirely concealed from view the means of debarkation.

Leaving the principal portion of the men by the boats, with strict orders to the officer not to suffer any one to stray away, but to be extremely

vigilant, Sir Sidney, with a lieutenant, two midshipmen, and twelve men, proceeded on his way over rock and stone, through bush and briar, towards the spot where it was most probable the guerilla chief would be found. It was a lovely morning; the stars still glistened in the clear blue heaven of an Italian sky, and there was that sort of dubious light which greatly added to the beauty of the romantic scenery. Sometimes the party had to climb by aid of their hands and knees to the summit of the frowning precipice, and at others to slide down huge masses of rock; so necessary was it to keep from every beaten track, for the purpose of avoiding any stragglers from the enemy's camp, who might raise an alarm.

At length, after considerable exertion, and just as the sun appeared above the verge of the horizon, they arrived at a place in the interior of a thick forest and nearly at the extreme height of the mountain, which evidently displayed strong lines of defence, but so inartificially contrived as to appear more the work of nature than the hand of man. Huge trees lay piled in various directions as if thrown down by some gust of the wild tempest, yet in such positions as to afford occasional shelter to a retreating party, and offering an admirable post for harassing an advancing foe.

Scarcely was the first of these barriers passed, when a shrill whistle sounded close to them, and

in a few minutes they burst into an open space that had been cleared of the underwood, and some of the trees now formed a pleasant alcove. Here the scene became highly interesting; it was one of those such as Salvator Rosa would have gloried in transferring to the canvass. In one corner upon an elevated mound so as to command a view of the whole area, sat a majestic-looking figure, with a countenance of mild serenity, but yet of a commanding aspect. Over his shoulders was hung the skin of a wolf, and the lower part of his body was enveloped in a cloak of furs. The butts of his pistols were just seen as they stuck in his broad girdle; a heavy sword and a carbine lay by his side, and in his hand he held that peculiar kind of knife so well known as the favourite weapon of the guerilla. Resting upon one knee, and with her arm leaning on his shoulder, was a female of great beauty; she was gazing tenderly upon him, but at intervals there was a fierce flashing of the eyes, an agitated contortion of feature, that rendered her terrible to the sight. There was nevertheless a fascinating beauty still, though it was constantly changing from the glance of fervid affection to the fiend-like expression of a fallen angel. These were Frere du Diable and his wife: or in other words, Galeazzo and Camilla.

The guerilla band were assembled in separate

groupes, yet so connected as to be ready for action at a moment's warning. Some were stretched upon the ground and still buried in the deep sleep which exertion and fatigue render so delicious to the weary frame; others were awakening from their slumbers and stretching their sinewy limbs, whilst a few were examining their arms and polishing their knives.

The shrill whistle again sounded, when a single blast from a bugle aroused every soul in an instant, and carbine in hand, they stood prepared for battle! Sir Sidney advanced, was immediately recognised, and a loud shout of joy proclaimed his welcome. The guerillas laid down their arms, and received the seamen with demonstrations of attachment. The chiefs met and embraced in token of amity, whilst the beautiful Camilla testified her satisfaction at seeing the enemies of the French. A multitude of conflicting feelings seemed to agitate her soul as she pressed the hand of Sir Sidney to her heart, and called upon him as "the avenger of blood."

As soon as order was restored, the two chiefs held a conference together; after which refreshment was spread upon the green sward, consisting of dried venison, hard cheese, bread, fruits, and wine. On the elevated mound Galeazzo, Sir Sidney, Camilla, and the British officers, were seated upon the grass. Behind the guerilla chief,

a little to the right, stood the bugleman, and on the left the sword-bearer, both prompt to obey commands. The seamen joined in the messes of the band, and the utmost harmony prevailed. A few minutes had elapsed since these arrangements were made, when suddenly a bright flash was seen among the bushes on the opposite side to that where the chief sat, and as the report of fire-arms echoed among the rocks, the bugleman fell dead upon Sir Sidney's shoulder. All parties were instantly on their feet, and the chiefs dealt mutual looks of distrust at each other. It was evident that the ball had been designed for one of them, and suspicion pervaded the minds of both that treachery was at work. The dauntless look of defiance was exchanged; but it was only momentary, for the shrill voice of Camilla was heard. "Do they seek the lion in his den?" she exclaimed with bitterness. "On, on, and destroy the common foe!"

The features of the guerilla changed; he grasped Sir Sidney's hand with impetuosity, gazed for a moment on the corpse, and then seizing the bugle, blew a blast so loud and shrill, that every rock and glen re-echoed the sound. He ceased, and the whole band stood in breathless silence, watching their leader who appeared like a statue; but no sound was heard, except the gentle rustling of the leaves in the morning breeze.



Again with wild haste the chief raised the bugle and sounded louder and longer than before, and again all subsided to the deepest attention. At length, answering blasts were heard in different directions, and the chief, dashing the bugle on the ground, gave orders for the immediate departure of the band. Sir Sidney wished to accompany him, but this offer was politely declined; yet, turning to Camilla, he requested her to remain with the English captain till his return. She gave her husband a look of stern reproach. "Am I not bereaved?" said she. "Is not the blood of my offspring on their hands? Will not the wolf fight for her whelps, and shall I shrink? On, on, Galeazzo! the death shriek of my murdered children is ringing in my ears, and nought but deep and terrible revenge can satisfy me now!"

The chief raised the wolf's skin from his shoulders, and drawing the head-part over his own so that the nostrils covered his brows, he assumed that terrific appearance which at all times rendered him so conspicuous an object in his encounters with the enemy. He again grasped Sir Sidney's hand, and requested him to return to his ship; and as soon as he saw a smoke rising from the spot on which he then stood, he might consider it as a signal for him to retrace his steps to the place of rendezvous.

The guerilla band spread themselves into small

parties and pursued different routes, though only at such distances from each other as to be ready to unite into one body should it be necessary; and in a few minutes not a vestige of the troop remained, except the corpse, the broken food, and the half-emptied flagons.

The British party returned to the frigate, and a careful watch was set to look out for the concerted signal. The officers were constantly directing their spy-glasses towards the spot, but nothing was seen; and the day passed away in restless impatience, not unaccompanied with suspicion of Frere du Diable's intention.

Night came;—a beautiful clear Italian night,—reviving in the mind all the strong fervour of romance. The deep blue of the sky, reflected on the transparent wave which gave back its lovely hue, was beautifully contrasted with the dark foliage and the rocky masses which bound the shore, affording no indication of human dwelling—all was still and passionless. The eye was eagerly strained towards the thick wood, which frowned in gloom and pride; when about the middle of the first watch, light wreathes of smoke curled upward above the trees, followed by bright flashes, and in a few minutes the red glare of ascending flames gave a grand and terrific change to the quiet of the scene.

The boats were again manned, and soon sweep-

ing through the liquid element to the spot they had quitted in the morning; and in an hour, Sir Sidney, with a more numerous retinue than before, arrived at the appointed place. But though the scene of the early day was striking, it was a mere tranquil spectacle when compared with the present, where wild ferocity was heightened by intoxication and hellish cruelty. In the centre of the space, the dry trunks of trees were piled on end, so as to form a spiral elevation and terminate almost in a point at the summit. They were burning with great rapidity, and cast a red tinge on the horrible figures that were spread around. The chief leaned upon his heavy sword near the fire, and his wife stood laughing by his side; but that laugh was utterly destitute of human pleasure,—it was like the laugh of a fallen angel exulting over mortal agony. She was terrible in her beauty, and the soul trembled before her demoniac gaze. A loud shout proclaimed Sir Sidney's presence, and he immediately advanced towards the chief, who received him in the most cordial manner; whilst Camilla in wild accents exclaimed, "They would seek the lion in his den: but more blood has been shed as a sacrifice to avenge my murdered babes!" and she threw another log on the flames.

The chief informed Sir Sidney that the pursuit of the guerillas had not been unavailing, for they

had followed the delinquent (who proved to be a French soldier under pledge to destroy Frere du Diable) down to the very outpost of the enemy's camp, where, after a slight skirmish, he was captured and brought back to the strong-hold of the band. "And see!" said the chief, opening the blazing pile with his sword, and showing the mutilated remains of a human body consuming in the flames, "thus perish all our enemies!"

"Ay, perish, perish for ever!" responded Camilla.

"This is he," continued the chief, "who fired the shot this morning. He confessed that it was designed for me, but thus—thus am I avenged!" The miserable victim had been burnt alive!

## THE FISHERMAN'S FAMILY.

“As he spoke,  
A sea burst o’er them, and their cables broke!  
Then, like a lion bounding from the toil,  
The ship shot through the billows’ black recoil,  
Urged by the howling blast—all guidance gone—  
They shuddering felt her reeling, rushing on—  
Nor dared to question where; nor dared to cast  
One asking look,—for that might be their last.”

“COME aft here, my lads, and haul down another reef in the mainsail!” exclaimed a hoary veteran, who stood at the helm of a fishing smack which was buffeting the waves at the entrance to the British Channel one October evening, when the lowering of the clouds and the freshening of the breeze gave strong indications of a south-westerly gale. The order was promptly obeyed; and the snug little craft again breasted the lofty surge, like a bird upon the wing, skimming the foaming tops of the billows.

“We shall have a rough night, father,” said a middle aged man, whose hardy countenance had borne the washing of many a salt sea spray; “the

sun is setting in yon bank, and tinges the ocean with his reddening hue. The summits of the Scilly Isles appear like dying watch-fires through the haze; and these, you know, are sure prognostics of a rising gale."

"Then let it come," replied the veteran. "He whom the winds and the seas obey, can, when it pleaseth him, allay their fury and command them 'Peace, be still!' But go, Richard, have the try-sail ready and get the storm-jib up; for by the long swell from the westward, I am of opinion there has been bad weather to windward, which will be down upon us before long; so let us have all low and snug before dark, my lad. And, James," continued he to a noble-looking, fair-haired lad; "James, set St. Agnes' lighthouse by the compass, for the fog will thicken presently; and yon Seven Stones\*—worse than the plagues of Egypt to a sailor—look far from tempting, crested as they are with feathery foam."

"I hope mother will not be uneasy about us," rejoined the youth, as he laid the edge of his hand upon the compass, directing it towards the lighthouse; "we have been a fortnight at sea, grandfather, and the tempests must have howled round the cottage fearfully o' nights; it has blown hard

\* The Seven Stones are dangerous rocks lying between the Scilly Isles and the Land's End.

ever since we came out, and not a fish caught, besides losing part of our nets."

"What, still uttering complaints!" exclaimed the veteran. "Look at your brother yonder, on the windless end; how fearlessly he sits and watches the ill-omened bird\* which triumphs in a storm."

"He does not think of home," replied the youth. "But what would become of mother, and Jane, and the little ones, should the Fisherman's Family go to wreck?"

"The Fisherman's Family go to wreck?" reiterated the old man, stamping his foot upon the deck; "she'll weather many a gale yet, my boy! Look at this white head!" and as he uncovered his hoary locks that wildly wanted in the breeze, he presented a fine picture of Time steering inexperienced youth through the dangerous channels which beset human life. "Look at this white head!" he exclaimed; "the snows and storms of sixty-seven winters have passed over it, yet was I never deserted in peril by Him in whom I have placed my trust. Your mother knows what a fisherman's life is. Ay, boy, it was my pride to fortify her mind against adversity. But go, James,

\* A small bird, like a swallow, that is scarcely ever seen except previously to or during a gale of wind. It is viewed with a superstitious feeling by seamen, who call it "Mother Carey's Chicken."

and help your father reef the bowsprit; for we shall have the gale here presently."

And a gale indeed they had; for scarcely was the glory of the day departed, when the wind, like a destroying angel, came sweeping over the surface of the deep, and dashing the billows up to heaven with fury. Night shed its blackness on the scene, whilst the dense fog rendered it more drear and horrible. Poor James thought of his mother and his happy home; whilst his brother Ned, though two years his junior, seemed like a child of the tempest, exulting in its lavish wildness.

The Fisherman's Family (for such was the name of the smack) rode buoyant on the waves; she rose and fell with the heave and set of the sea, like the swift-winged swallow when it stems the tempest; and the small bark scarcely felt the roughness of the billows, where larger vessels would have laboured fearfully with their heavy burdens.

It was about ten o'clock, when the crew of the smack thought that amidst the roaring of the storm they could distinguish the reports of signal-guns at a distance, and every ear was anxiously inclined to discover the quarter whence the sounds proceeded. At length they became more distinct, and it was soon ascertained that the vessel must be nearing them. The fog was still thick



and gloomy, yet occasionally there were intervals of partial clearness; and it was during one of these breaks that a ship was descried drifting at the mercy of the wind and waves, for it was evident, from the wild course she was pursuing, that all management was lost. Her foremast, bowsprit, and main top-mast were gone; and having nothing aloft to steady her, the billows beat against her sides and dashed raging over her. The smack showed a light, which was immediately answered, and two guns fired to acknowledge the near approach of succour.

"That ship has lost her rudder as well as her masts," exclaimed the old man; "she has struck somewhere; and now my lads, to render them assistance!"

"Oh, if we should get her safe into Mount's Bay, grandfather," said James, "and a good salvage\* awarded, what would mother say to us then? I should not mind the loss of the nets."

"Let us save their lives," said Ned, "at all events; and if we can save the ship too, so much the better."

In the course of another hour the smack was hailing the ship, and found that her rudder had been knocked away upon the rocks at the same

\* Salvage is a sum of money allowed to individuals who are instrumental in saving a ship from being wrecked.

time that the masts and bowsprit had fallen with the shock. She had also sprung a leak under the bows, and the pumps could barely keep her free. As, however, no immediate danger was apprehended, the smack kept near the shattered vessel until daylight, when the father of the youth contrived to get on board, by running close alongside and catching a rope with a noose at the end, which he passed securely round his body and was hauled through the water by the ship's crew. The smack then dropped astern with a stout rope, and by her judicious movements acted as a rudder to the large vessel, which was got before the wind for the Bristol Channel; but the tow-rope parted soon after, and the gale increased to a downright hurricane.

Upon an eminence on the coast between Penzance and the Land's End stood a substantial dwelling, which though designated a cottage, presented every token of homely comfort. A quantity of fishing materials, hung out to dry, showed it to be tenanted by those hardy sons of the ocean, who brave the greatest dangers to procure fish for the markets; whilst the air of neatness and enjoyment also proved it to belong to one of that class of men, who risk their existence to save the lives and property of others—the undaunted pilot. A winding and declivious path led to the shelving rocks below, which formed a small inlet or bay

for vessels of a light draught, that had received the name of the Smuggler's Gap, from its having been frequently used by those daring outlaws in their illegal trade.

On the same evening that has been already mentioned, an anxious mother quitted the cradle in the cottage to look out towards the sea for those whom, next to heaven, she loved best. Her foreboding eye had witnessed the same prognostics of the gale, and with a heavy heart she resumed the mother's watch over her sleeping infant. A fair and beautiful female, about fifteen years of age, was attending to the duties of the house; a boy of ten years sat by his mother's side gazing on her care-marked countenance; whilst a girl of three years was sharing her supper with a rough but favourite dog on the hearth before the fire.

"I must feed poor Dorey, mother," said the little one, "for James told me to be kind to him. Poor Dorey!" continued she, patting his head, "I wish James was here."

"You should remember, Mary," replied the mother, "there are also your father and your grandfather."

"And Edward," added the boy; "I miss him very much; for he used to help me up the rocks, and I am afraid to scramble along alone."

"All are equally dear to us, William," rejoined

the mother, "and all are equally under the care of Providence. Yes; I trust the Fisherman's Family is safe."

"Who gave her that name, mother?" inquired William; "you promised to tell me."

"I did, my child; and as my heart is heavy, I will now relate to you how it happened. Your grandfather in his younger life was brought up to expect a genteel competency, for his father was a wealthy ship-owner at Liverpool. He was sent to sea early, whilst his brother remained at home to manage the business. But that brother was cruel and treacherous; he weaned his father's affections from the poor sailor, and got a will made entirely in his own favour. Your grandfather, not suspecting the wickedness of his brother, was frequently absent on long voyages; and when only in his twentieth year, he married a poor girl, who had no other recommendation than her beauty of person and integrity of heart. He married too without the sanction of his father, who from that hour forbade him his presence and never saw him more—for the angry parent died a few months afterwards. On arranging his father's affairs, your grandfather found himself disinherited; and his brother, who had dissipated a great portion of the property previous to the old man's dissolution, gathered the residue together and embarked for the East Indies. But your grandfather was not

wholly destitute; he had saved something handsome to begin life with, and purchased a share of a ship, of which he obtained the command. Still adversity pressed upon him: his ship was captured by the enemy, and he returned (for they did not detain the prisoners then) to England almost penniless. My mother had relations at St. Ives, and thither the poor sailor and his wife repaired. They were received with welcome; and he, unwilling to leave my dear mother for any length of time, commenced his career as a fisherman and a pilot. Success crowned his labours; and he not only obtained a handsome maintenance, but was enabled to purchase a vessel of his own. In this house I was born, and when I grew up, was married to your father and had a family. The old vessel was broken up and a new one built, which was called by the name it now bears. Oh, how many anxious hours does your father pass for the Fisherman's Family ashore, and how many days of earnest solicitude do I endure for the Fisherman's Family at sea! But go, my children, the storm is coming on. Go to your beds; but first kneel to the Creator and humbly implore his guardian care for the poor mariners."

Heavily passed the night with the apprehensive mother; often did she approach the dizzy edge of the steep cliff, but no other sounds were heard except the continued howling of the tem-

pest and the roaring of the breakers. Fervently were her petitions offered up before the throne of Omnipotence; and amidst the appalling demonstrations of almighty power did the creature of his will plead with her Creator. His voice was heard upon the storm, proclaiming dominion and majesty; but her's mingled with it, as in prostration of heart she earnestly supplicated mercy.

Morning appeared, but the desired vessel could not be distinguished. The sea presented one wide sheet of foam, with here and there a dark object driven like the ocean weed upon the waters. At the close of the day, a dismasted ship with a smack in company was seen through the dim haze, drifting towards the shore. They were yet several miles distant; but hope for the ship there was none, unless the gale abated. The intuitive eye of the mother readily recognised the little bark that held, as she supposed, her father, her husband, and her two sons; and all the several relative bonds were linked more closely round her heart. Their occupation was manifest,—they were waiting to assist fellow creatures in distress; and the abundant prayer for the safety of all spontaneously ascended from her lips.

Night veiled them from observation; but the bold seamen of the neighbourhood, headed by the reverend pastor of the village as a magistrate, remained in readiness to act as circumstances re-

quired. Apprehension sat on many a furrowed countenance, and dark anticipations filled many a feeling breast. But language would fail to describe the agony which suspense and fearful agitation wrought in the mother's heart.

At length, about midnight, the report of a heavy gun echoed among the rocks, and told that the devoted ship was near at hand; the flash had pointed out her position, but nothing could yet be seen. The pastor with his resolute band of determined boatmen hastened to the shore; report followed report; fires were lighted on the rocks to show that land was near, but still no object could be discerned.

The storm came more heavily, and vivid lightnings rent the frowning clouds; then when the glaring flash threw its stream of awful splendour on the feathery foam, that fated ship was seen struggling with the waves. As a last resource she had let go her anchors; and there she lay, like the soul of the mighty, wrestling with despair. Another gun—and yet another—but help was hopeless. From the shore no assistance could be given; every attempt to get through the raging surf was useless; and the brave boatmen were compelled—an unusual circumstance—to be sad spectators of the scene.

The ship rode heavily as the long rolling waves came foaming in. Suddenly a shriek was heard

upon the shore—a wild cry: the vessel had parted her cables, and the streaming lightning showed her careering towards the rocks with resistless force. Onward she came (as was now plainly visible) through the hissing foam. Still onward, onward she urged her desperate course, till a tremendous crash—a loud yell—proclaimed that her stout timbers were shattered, and many a stouter heart was buried in the waves.

The ship had struck on that part of the shore where the rocks were steepest; and the wreck remained wedged in firmly between two craggy knolls not more than one hundred fathoms from perfect safety. But even that was a fearful space; for the heavy breakers rolled over the sunken rocks and dashed with wild fury. Body after body came on the surge, and were thrown upon the land; but life had fled, and no effort could restore animation to the mangled and disfigured corpse.

The inhabitants of the adjacent village, young and old, were crowded on the strand; and amidst the group was the venerable rector. Often, when the vivid flash illuminated the foaming billows and showed the deck of the rending vessel, he rushed with his horse towards the spot; but the barrier was impassable, and the bitter shriek rang upon his tortured ears. "Oh, that I could die for them!" he exclaimed. "Father of mer-



cies, stretch forth thine hand and save!" Willingly would he have given his life for theirs; for he was prepared to meet his God, whilst they would be hurried into the presence of their Maker without a moment for repentance.

Morning began to dawn, and dawned in horror; but with its earliest beam the smack was seen about a mile from the shore under snug sail and apparently in safety. The anxious mother was with the villagers, but the children remained at the house upon the cliff. Sleepless had been their night; and at the break of day the terrified Jane, with William and the little Mary, stood upon the shelving rock above the yawning gulf which had already entombed many of their fellow creatures. They could see the Fisherman's Family, as the light became more clear; and it was evidently the intention of those on board to run for the Smuggler's Gap,—a small red flag having been hoisted at the mast-head to require the boatmen on shore to hold themselves in readiness to give assistance.

At this moment, whilst the children were standing gazing at the vessel, the heavens seemed to be rent asunder, and the red blaze of the forked lightning darted forth; it struck the smack, and masts and sails came tumbling down in one general wreck. "My father! my father!" shrieked the horror-stricken Jane, recoiling backward and

grasping her brother round the neck, as if she feared that he too would be torn away. The little Mary clung on the other side, and even the poor dog looked with instinctive dread towards the ocean.

But though the smack was dismasted, her hull still continued to float; and every wave drove her nearer to the shore. Oh, what an agonizing sight was that to the fond mother and her children! The former ran hurriedly among the boatmen, exhorting and imploring them to use their best exertions to snatch her relatives from death. Her spirits seemed to rise in proportion as their peril increased; and she laboured to forward the preparations which were making as a last effort to rescue the little crew.

The ship still continued grinding between the rocks, and victim after victim was hurried into eternity. From portions of the wreck which had drifted on shore, it was conjectured that she was a free trader from Calcutta; and the number of hands and passengers were calculated at seventy. The boatmen had made repeated efforts to get a rope from her, but all their attempts had failed. At length, part of a mast with five individuals clinging to it was seen to be rent away from the body of the wreck, and lifted by a mountain surge clear over the craggy rocks. Another wave came rolling in; but just before it reached them,

it raised its awful crest, and with a tremendous roar, like the famished panther when seizing his prey, dashed furiously upon their heads. They were seen for a few moments hurled confusedly amongst the bubbling eddies, and then disappeared. Once more the shattered mast floated, but there were now only three, who clung to it with desperate energy as they neared the shore and hopes of life revived. The next wave was still more raging than the last, but its fury was spent before it reached the swimmers; and "they're safe! they're safe!" was shouted from the shore. The boatmen plied their oars with redoubled strength, and in a few minutes the three men were hauled into the boat, which immediately made for the safest landing-place.

The villagers hurried to the spot, and the anxious mother, hoping to hear tidings of her family, stood foremost amongst them as the boat ran upon the strand. But who can paint her joy and her terror, her delight and her agony, when she saw that one of the individuals saved was her husband! They were soon clasped in each other's arms; but the bitter recollection that lives infinitely precious to them were still in jeopardy with scarcely a hope of rescue, roused them to exertion. Richard turned to the boat and assisted an elderly man to land. The moment the latter touched the ground, he fell upon his knees

and offered up a thanksgiving to the Creator; he then clung round the neck of Richard, and blessed him as the instrument of his preservation. "I should have sunk," said he, "but you supported me; you snatched me from death and—but I have power to show my gratitude."

The other man saved was a seaman, who reported the ship to be the "Isabella," from the East Indies. How many had perished he could not tell; but there were yet more than one half of the crew, and nearly the whole of the passengers on board. By the aid of their glasses, the boatmen could discern the hapless creatures as they watched the success of those who had been saved, and several launched themselves upon the fickle element lashed to broken pieces of the wreck. The boats were again on the alert, and the boatmen had the satisfaction of picking up all that the billows allowed to come within their reach.

But now the principal attention of the men on shore was devoted to the smack, as she neared the craggy barriers for security. The old man with his two grandsons and two men, who formed the crew, had been actively engaged in getting up a boat's mast, on which they hoisted a small sail so as to give the vessel steerage way; and it seemed to answer the required purpose, for the little bark with impetuous haste rushed onward

to the Smuggler's Gap, as if bidding defiance to suspense.

Pale anxiety sat on every countenance. "Is there any hope?" inquired the rector, addressing a gray-headed veteran, who from infancy had been inured to the tempest, and had the character of a bold intrepid sailor. Report made him the associate of a gang of smugglers; but humane as he was brave, many a shipwrecked seaman was indebted to Donald Ferguson for his life. "Is there no hope?" inquired the rector. A look of melancholy anxiety was the only answer. The rector repeated his question.

"Sailors never despair, sir," replied Donald, "and if they once get well in the—but stop: I have no right to disclose to any one, much more to you."

"Yet," rejoined the rector, "when yon gallant ship has been lost, can so small a vessel be saved?"

"Have hopes, sir," replied Donald; and then turning away, "Ned," he exclaimed to a rough, hardy-looking fellow, well drenched with the surf, who immediately approached him. They whispered together for a few minutes, and then Ned ran from place to place selecting the strongest and most daring of the boatmen for some particular purpose.

"Ned," exclaimed Donald again, "overhaul the

hawser down, ship the capstan bars, and be all ready. Remember, it is life or death, my hearty! I myself will hook her on."

"No, no," said Richard, "that shall be my doing; you are old, Donald."

"But not feeble," replied the veteran; "your anxiety would betray you; besides, you have a wife and other children, but if old Donald goes, nobody will miss him. Do as you are bid, my boy; and now for the marks!" He waved his hat, and two conspicuous objects were instantly raised at different distances on the rocks, to act as a guide to those in the smack where to make their passage.

Who can describe the feelings of the spectators, as they looked on with doubtful apprehension and silent astonishment! The smack was now so close to the shore, that every one was visible. No bustle nor confusion prevailed: all seemed ready with cool intrepidity to attend to their several duties. The old man stood stationed at the helm, and with steady gaze kept his eyes fixed upon the beacons. Now she was lifted up to heaven, and borne with amazing rapidity through the outer breakers; again she sunk and disappeared beneath the hollow seas.

"She's gone! she's gone!" exclaimed the rector; but in an instant the vessel again mounted on the topmost wave, and rushed with surprising swift-

ness through the foaming surge. At this moment a dreadful broken sea came, raging with all its fury; it burst upon the deck, and seemed to bury the little craft in the dark abyss. Breathless, agonizing fear filled every heart, and groans and shrieks mingled with the gale. But again the smack rose, though the helm was now deserted, and the vessel seemed abandoned to her fate. Once more, however, was hope revived; for young Edward with cool determination ran to the tiller, and directed her headlong course.

The vessel had reached the secret channel known only to the illicit trader; she neared the beach; the sea again struck her, and she was carried by its force through the inner breakers. A wild shout of joy arose from the shore as the smack gained the smooth water, agitated only by the receding swell; but at this instant, she struck the ground heavily and rent in twain, the retiring surge carrying back the shattered fragments towards the rocks. And now the hardy race of brave boatmen, reckless of danger, plunged headlong in the waves. Old Donald took the lead; he grasped the arm of the lad James and turned towards the shore; the surf threw them up with violence and would again have returned them to the sea, but Donald seized the rope which had been overhauled down and kept his firm grasp; in a few seconds more they were safe

on land. Richard succeeded in saving his father-in-law, aided by the boy Ned, who swam like a fish and seemed to triumph in the element. Not a soul was lost of that little crew; and relatives and friends flocked round, rejoicing in their deliverance.

The grandfather, with Richard, his wife, and the whole of the fisherman's family, accompanied by the stranger who had been saved from the ship, hastened to the cottage on the cliff. They entered the abode with congratulations, and the stranger was ushered into the best apartment. He sat down, blessing his deliverer and forming schemes in his own mind to testify his gratitude. Suddenly his eyes were rivetted on a picture that hung suspended over the mantel-piece; it was a portrait of the unkind father who had disinherited his son, through the false representation of a still more cruel brother; but it had been preserved by the old man as the last relic of his family. The stranger gazed upon it with earnestness, and he then eagerly turned to the aged fisherman:—their eyes met, and again both looked at the picture. The stranger covered his face with his hands and groaned bitterly.

"I do not value the loss of the vessel," said Richard, "so that we have all met together again. But come, father," he continued, "let us kneel



and offer up our grateful praises to the throne of grace."

"Stop, stop!" cried the stranger convulsively: "my presence would be a clog upon your prayers. I too had a father—that picture was his," he continued, falling on his knees before the venerable old man, "and you must be—you are my noble-minded, my much-injured brother."

Oh, what a meeting was this! Animosity had long since subsided, and the word "brother" revived all the attachment of their boyish days.

What need of saying more? they knelt together; and whilst without the storm raged, within the cottage

"The peace of God, beyond expression sweet,  
Filled every being humbled at his feet."

They rose, and the stranger—stranger now no longer—was received into the circle with delight. A man entered the room, announcing that several of the seamen who had been saved from the wreck were waiting outside the house, to know if they might take shelter in some outbuildings. The kind-hearted mother would not permit this, but succoured them under the same roof with her children, and gave them plentiful refreshment. The stranger went amongst them, and they instantly rose from their repast with the utmost

respect. From them he learned that the whole of the remaining portion of the crew and passengers had quitted the ship. About thirty had perished; but the rest, nearly forty in number, were safe on land. Another man now entered, and addressed the stranger as Sir William Russell. Yes! he was great, he was wealthy; and from that hour his influence and his wealth were devoted to the promotion of the happiness and welfare of the FISHERMAN'S FAMILY.

## THE RED FLAG AT THE FORE.

"Come, sit thee down by me, love; come, sit thee down  
by me,  
And I will tell thee many a tale of the dangers of the  
sea,—  
Of the perils of the deep, love; when the stormy tempests  
roar,  
And the raging billows wildly dash upon the groaning  
shore.

The skies are flaming red, love, the skies are flaming  
red,  
And darkly rolls the mountain wave, and curls its mon-  
strous head;  
Whilst clouds and ocean blending, and loud howls the bit-  
ter blast,  
And the daring tar, 'twixt life and death, clings to the  
shattered mast."

• NEVER shall I forget my emotions on first as-  
cending the side of the ship, in which I com-  
menced my career as a sailor. It was just about  
the time when Nelson and the Nile was the uni-  
versal theme of conversation; our theatres echoed  
to the shouts of "Rule Britannia," and the senate-  
house rang with plaudits for the achievements of  
naval valour. But ah! how few who rejoiced in

the triumphs of victory, gave one thought to the hardships, privations, and oppressions under which the gallant seaman laboured. Boy-like, I thought it was a jovial life; and when standing on the deck, with the British ensign floating at the peak, and the bull-dogs (cannon) peeping from their port-holes, I felt, "ay, every inch a hero." Besides, there was my handsome uniform, with bright gilt buttons bearing the impress of the anchor, and my dirk, just long enough to spit a partridge, swinging like a cook's skewer by my side, and a leathern belt with two fierce lions' heads in front, and that summit of a school-boy's ambition, the cocked hat and gold rosettes. What child of twelve years could resist the temptation! So I e'en kissed my poor mother, who used to compare the rattling of the rain, as it ran down the spout into the water-butt, to the roaring of the waves, and for whom gilded buttons and cocked-up hats had no charms,—shook my father by the hand, as he gave me the bill for my outfit, to make me (by calculating the expense) more careful of my clothes,—threw my arms round the neck of my weeping sister, who slyly thrust something into my waistcoat pocket, which I afterwards found was all her own private little store of cash,—and away I started with glory in my eye, to leave "home, sweet home" far, far behind me.

The ship which I was going to join, was a fine

dashing frigate, commanded by a friend of my father's friend, to whom I received the most handsome recommendations. I say friend of my father's friend, for such he was represented to me; but the fact is, my worthy dad was a freeman of no contemptible borough, besides holding a considerable influence over a certain number of *independent* voters, and one of the candidates, whilst canvassing for the general election, had declared that "I was cut out for a sailor,"—that "he had interest at the Admiralty," and made no doubt that by diligence and attention I should soon carry the "red flag at the fore." I thought so too; but what the "red flag at the fore" meant, I was just as ignorant as I was of cuckoo-clock making. Nevertheless, it sounded well, the candidate became an M. P., and I was sent on board a stranger amongst strangers, and about as much patronised as a widow's pig upon a village green.

I had never seen a ship,—I had never seen the sea; and when the wide ocean burst upon my view, rolling its mighty billows in majestic grandeur, I began to think that they were not the most pleasant things in life to play with, particularly for such a little fellow as myself; but, when the stupendous bulwarks of Britain appeared, as they lay at anchor in the bay, with their shining sides reflected on the waves and their bright en-

signs flashing in the sun, fear gave way to admiration, and I began to sing—

“I’m a jolly roving tar,  
Fearing neither wound nor scar,  
And many a tightish breeze then have I seen.”

But, bless your heart! I had seen nothing then; nevertheless, I thought of the “red flag at the fore,” and as the boat lightly skimmed the surface of the dark blue waters, a feeling of honest pride swelled in my little breast;—henceforth I was to be devoted to my king and country.

The first-lieutenant received me very graciously. The wonders which every where presented themselves almost overwhelmed me with astonishment and delight. But, alas! this was not of long duration; for a youngster about my own age accompanied me to the cockpit, where I was to take up my abode. The dark cavern which formed the mess-berth, where a ray of daylight never entered, seemed rather horrible to my imagination, and the motley group of all ages from ten to twenty-five that filled it, did not inspire me with much confidence.

At the door stood a stout negro, scarcely visible except by his white teeth and his rolling eyes, which strongly reminded me of Robinson Crusoe’s monster in the cave, and a little sprig of a mid-

shipman was venting imprecations on him for not having the dinner ready. Surrounding a table inside the berth, which was illumined by two *dwarf* candles, that appeared as if they had never reached their proper growth, sat eight or ten small officers, employed in various ways. One was playing a difficult piece of music on the flute, with the notes placed before him, propped up by a quart bottle; a companion, to annoy and ridicule him, had put his pocket comb between two pieces of paper, and applying it to his mouth, produced a sound more execrable than the bagpipes, yet still endeavouring to imitate the tune. Two youths in the farthest corner had quarrelled, and were settling their disputes in a boxing-match. Another seemed totally abstracted from the scene, and leaning his elbows on the table, was contemplating the miniature of a fair-haired girl, whose mild blue eyes beamed with love and constancy. On the opposite side of the table two youngsters, with a treatise on seamanship before them, were arguing in no very gentle terms on their own proficiency in naval tactics. At the head of the table an old master's-mate was exercising his authority in preserving peace; but as he was engaged at the same time in mixing a good *stiff* glass of grog, his orders were either disregarded or laughed at. But there was one pale-faced lad, with a countenance full of intellectual expression, whom I shall never

forget. He sat by himself, with a small writing desk before him, and on it lay a letter, the writer of which, not satisfied with filling up each page with black ink, had crossed the lines with red, and this letter he was endeavouring to answer. The noise had disturbed him, for sheet after sheet had been torn up, and lay in a pile by his side. He looked at the combatants, and a gentle murmur escaped him; he turned to the musicians, and a smile lighted up his features; he cast his eyes towards the youth whose thoughts were with the pole-star of his affections, and a shade of melancholy sat upon his brow. At this moment he caught sight of me, as I stood at the door, undetermined whether to advance or recede, and his hand was instantly extended. He closed his desk, remarking that "his sister must wait another day," and—but why need I recount every particular?—from that hour we were friends.

Ay, how often when the pale moon at midnight has thrown her silver beams upon the bosom of the wave, or when the star-gemmed canopy of heaven has glistened with its myriads of glories, have we two stood together holding sweet converse on the past, and picturing bright scenes of future fame. Yes! hand in hand, we have stood like brothers talking of those sweet spots, endeared by every tie of fond regard, where first we revelled in our infancy. Yet, oh God!—the vision is



even now before me—when I beheld that pale-faced youth struggling in the agonies of death,—those features full of mild benevolence, still more deadly in their hue and hideous in convulsive writhings,—the hand that I had so often pressed with real unabated friendship, dyed in the life-stream from his heart, as he worked his fingers in the deep wound that dismissed his noble spirit! It was in action, when rage and vengeance lashed the passions into fury. Yes! there he fell, and the ocean was his grave.

But to return to my introduction. Almost at the same moment that I entered the berth, a quarter-master came down and inquired if Mr. Moriarty was below. A fine handsome young man, about two-and-twenty, immediately answered in the affirmative. "Here's a letter for you, sir," said the quarter-master, "with the Admiralty seal on the back, and a direction full of sheep-shanks and long splices on the face of it."

"Ay! ay! Johnson," replied the young officer, "the old story I suppose:—'the door of promotion is shut,' and by and by I dare say they will send me word that the key's lost. But let us see, you old sea-dragon, and don't stand turning it over and over there, like a Lapland witch at her incantations!"

The veteran was examining the letter with rather an inquisitive eye; for his other eye was

on an equally inquisitorial visit to a full bottle of rum that stood upon the table, and he hesitated to give up his charge to the young officer, who I now perceived had his right arm in a sling in consequence, as I afterwards learned, of a wound received in the battle of Aboukir.

"Cantations or no cantations, sir," replied the old quarter-master, "this here letter weighs heavy, and I have been close-hauled for these two days past; and it's dry work, sir, that tack and half tack."

"Well, well, Johnson," rejoined the midshipman, "you want a glass of grog, and you shall have it; so, steward, give him one, d'ye hear. And now hand over the scrawl."

"Ay, ay, sir!" said Johnson, "and if it arn't freighted with a pair of white lapels—put some more rum in, you black angel!—then call old Johnson a lubber, that's all." Moriarty laughed; but it was evident that he took the letter with some degree of tremour, especially as one of the youngsters jocosely addressed him as *Lieutenant Moriarty*.

"Hold your prating, simpleton," said he, "you wont find commissions so plentiful when you come to my age, unless you happen to be a stray slip of nobility, or have strong parliamentary interest to back you."

The old quarter-master had been wrangling

with the black steward for another drop, and then holding up his grog, exclaimed, "Your health, Lieutenant Moriarty! and I hope I shall live to see you carry 'the red flag at the fore.' "

"With all my heart, Johnson," replied Moriarty, his eyes sparkling with pleasure, for the letter was now unfolded; "and see, here is the first step up the ratlines sure enough; whether I shall ever reach the mast-head or not is another thing."

"It was an order from the Admiralty to go on shore and receive his commission, and every one crowded round him full of congratulations. I cannot say but I felt a little jealous about the "red flag at the fore," for I considered *that* as my exclusive right, though utterly ignorant of what it meant. But I was soon enlightened upon the subject, for being naturally communicative, I mentioned my expectations of getting "the red flag at the fore" during dinner, and several of the little midshipmen nearly choked themselves with laughing at me. I then learned that the "red flag at the fore" was the distinction of a vice-admiral of the red; a station that not more than one officer in five thousand ever attained, and even then only through very distinguished merit or peculiar good fortune. Nevertheless, I was nothing daunted, and the "red flag at the fore" urged me on.

We sailed a few days afterwards with a convoy for Bombay and China, but destined to cruise ourselves in the neighbourhood of the Cape of Good Hope. We had not quitted port more than a week, when we encountered a very severe gale. It was the first time I had beheld the sea in such commotion, and the spectacle was awfully grand. The noble ship was borne like a weed upon the ocean at the mercy of the tempest, which howled through the rigging so as to deaden the shouts of the seamen while furling the heavy sails upon the yards. Billow after billow beat over us, and as the rolling waves dashed up their frothy crests to heaven, roaring in the wildness of their fury, I could not help thinking how different the noise was from the comparison of my poor mother, when she heard the rain patter into the water-butts. The convoy, too, heavy-laden Indiamen and transports with troops, were scattered in every direction; but now and then we could distinguish one or two, as they appeared for a moment on the summit of the foaming surge, like dim specks upon the verge of the horizon.

Night came and brought its frowning horrors; a pitchy darkness which seemed almost palpable to the touch, hung with a funeral gloom above, whilst the wild waves, lashed by the raging tempest into sparkling foam, served but to render

the blackness of the heavens more dense and horrible. At the commencement of the gale the wind was dead against us, and the ship was hove-to under a close-reefed main-topsail; but towards midnight the wind veered in our favour, and we flew through the liquid element with astonishing rapidity. The shifting of the gale had produced a still wilder commotion in the waves, which seemed to be struggling for the mastery. Wave after wave came raging after us and threatening to engulf the frigate; but, like a bird upon the wing, the gallant vessel lifted to the swell and rushed down the steep abyss, tracking her path with brilliancy and light.

I cannot say but the spectacle rather terrified me, and more than once I wished the "red flag at the fore" at the—

"Stop," says the reader, "and do not conclude the sentence." But really, gentle reader, I must; for I was merely going to say that I wished the "red flag at the fore" at the mast-head, and myself snug in my own little bed-room with my poor mother to tie my night-cap, and to tuck me in.

Ossian or Byron, I forget which, says: "Once more upon the waters, yet once more, and the waves bound beneath me as a steed that knows his rider;" but I found a vast deal of difference between mounting the speckled waves and riding my own pretty little piebald pony. Morning at

length appeared; the wind had again changed, and the ship was once more hove-to. But if the gale of the preceding night had been furious, it now came with redoubled violence, and the stately vessel which had so lately steered her course in majesty and pride, lay writhing and groaning between the billows like the soul of the mighty struggling with the last pangs of mortality.

Orders were given to furl the foresail, and about sixty of the best seamen sprang aloft to execute the command. Already had they extended themselves upon the yard, and were gathering up the folds of the heavy canvass, when a tremendous sea came like an Alpine mountain rushing towards us. As the poor wretch, when the fierce eye of some famished beast of prey is glaring on him, stands fixed and immovable, so did the seamen suspend their labours when they saw the waters of destruction approaching. No human voice could warn them of their danger, no hand could be outstretched to save. There seemed to be a momentary stillness in the storm, and a shuddering instinct crept through every spirit,—a horrible dread of they knew not what.

Still onward rolled the wave; it struck the vessel on the bows, and threw its ponderous burden on the deck. A crash mingled with a wild tumultuous yell ensued, and when the spray had cleared, it was found that the fore-mast had been

swept away, and upwards of fifty brave fellows were buried in the waves. Some still remained entangled in the rigging; but man after man was washed away till one alone was left. We could see him—we could speak to him—but only that Power who holds the tempests in his hands could rescue him from death. There he struggled; blank despair in every feature, as his strong limbs writhed round the shattered mast, and with convulsive agony he buffeted the waves. Of what avail was human strength in such an hour of peril? His hold relaxed;—it became weaker, and slowly he settled in his watery grave.

I need not describe the effects which such a scene produced upon the mind of a boy not thirteen years of age, and even at this moment,—so strong are first impressions,—the crash, the yell, and the agonized contortions of that drowning man, are present to my mind in all their horrors.

The wreck was cleared, the storm abated; a jury-mast was erected, and once more the stately frigate held her way upon the glossy surface of the azure wave. The first duty was to collect the convoy, and heavy forebodings of their fate were whispered among the crew. One by one, however, they gathered round us, showing manifest indications of the recent storm.

There is something peculiarly interesting to a seaman in the assembling of ships after a gale of

wind; it occasions a sensation which a landsman can never feel, unless it is that sort of melancholy satisfaction when friends meet who have surmounted adversity together, but with the apprehension of similar calamity before them. Several of the convoy were yet undiscovered, and as the evening was closing in, the heavy report of a distant gun came booming on the waters. Another and another followed in rapid succession, and the frigate's course was directed towards the spot from whence the sounds proceeded.

The sun went down in glory; its radiance tinged the bosom of the liquid element, but it never rose again on those whose signals of distress we heard. They must have seen his last beams arching the heavens with their golden brightness, and light and hope must have expired to them for ever.

The wind opposed our progress, and the swell still rolled against us, though now it was only the heaving of the sea without its breaking violence. Still we approached nearer to the object of our search, as the noise of the guns was more distinct, and the flashes were plainly visible. At length, about midnight, by the help of glasses, a dismasted ship was distinguished rolling like a log upon the waters. Every nerve was strained, every effort was made to intimate that assistance was at hand, and the boats were prepared to give succour, or to snatch from destruction. The sight



was eagerly bent towards the spot where the clear horizon was broken by the dark object of our good intentions. Suddenly the curve appeared connected; in vain the eye sought the vessel in distress; for nothing obstructed the view of sky and ocean, and "She's gone! she's gone!" was simultaneously exclaimed by officers and men.

Yes! she was gone; and the gallant ship, that had endured the fury of the tempest, sunk when its wrath was spent. But that tempest had doubtless shaken her stout frame and rent her joints asunder. Yet it was hard to perish almost within the grasp of safety.

Hopes were still entertained that some, if not all, had escaped in the boats. Our own were hoisted out, and having neared the supposed spot, were immediately despatched. The morning dawned in magnificence and splendour; the sun rose in glorious majesty, but his earliest beams glanced on a scattered wreck that told a tale of death. The boats were actively employed in passing to and fro, but no appearance of human being could be discerned. The launch was discovered bottom upwards, and another boat broken nearly in two. The truth was soon disclosed, for the name, *ATLAS*, on the stern of the launch, informed us that nearly two hundred victims had perished in the deep. How the catastrophe had happened could only be matter for conjecture.

One of our boats fell in with some floating spars, which were lashed together so as to form a kind of floating raft; and on turning them over, a scene presented itself that filled every soul with anguish. A young female apparently about twenty-two, with an infant fastened round her body, had been secured to the timber,—perhaps the last sad office of a tender husband, who in the affectionate solicitude of his heart, had vainly hoped to rescue them from death. They were taken on board the frigate, sewed up in a hammock, and again consigned to that element at once their destruction and their grave.

One other ship was still missing; what became of her, I never heard; but after waiting a proper time, we pursued our way to the island of St. Jago, the place of rendezvous. A succession of fine weather soon deadened the remembrance of the past, and by the time of our reaching the Cape de Verds, the “red flag at the fore” had once more gained the ascendancy. The novelties which presented themselves at Port Praya, the oranges, the cocoa-nuts, and above all, the monkeys sporting in their native cunning unrestrained among the green foliage, were delightful; whilst the waters in the bay were so clear and transparent, that fish could be distinctly seen at the depth of from thirty to forty feet swimming above the silver sand that covered the bottom.

Having refitted and watered, the anchor was once more weighed, and we again directed our course to the place of destination. At the latitude appointed, we parted from our convoy, and then were left alone. Days, weeks passed on, and no sail ever appeared in sight to change the dull monotony. It was still the same unvaried scene of sky and ocean, and not unfrequently severe and boisterous weather. At the end of five weeks, we were gratified by the sight of a ship steering towards us, and in a few hours had retaken a fine Indiaman, prize to a French frigate. No time was lost in securing her, but the irreparable devastation caused by scurvy among our crew, rendered it necessary to proceed with our recapture to Madras; and thither we hastened.

On our arrival, fresh scenes that appeared like enchantment opened upon me. The natives on their catamarans, formed of three or four logs lashed together, dashing without dismay through the tremendous surf that rolled upon the beach with everlasting roar, and the manners and habits of the people, filled my young mind with wonder and admiration. I regret that my first letter to my poor mother is not forthcoming; in fact, the worthy soul considered it such a concentration of genius and talent,—I much question whether there was not some little exaggeration in my descriptions,—that she wore it completely

out by carrying it in her pocket to show to all her friends and neighbours.

We remained three years in the East Indies without anything material occurring, and then the cry was—"Huzza for old England!" But it would be an almost endless task were I to enumerate all my adventures, perilous and humorous, and sometimes a combination of both, in my strenuous endeavours to attain the "red flag at the fore." Before my six years had expired, I had been in seven different engagements, received three wounds, (one of them severe,) been once shipwrecked, and once taken prisoner, but escaped. Storms I had weathered many; had visited the coast of Africa, South America, and New South Wales; but still I endured every thing for the sake of the "red flag at the fore."

At the expiration of six years, I passed my examination for lieutenant and received my certificate of qualification; which, after waiting a modest time, I forwarded with a memorial to my patron, who had been elevated to the House of Peers. His answer was, that "things were materially changed since I first went to sea; the same individuals were not now in office, and he much questioned whether he could obtain my promotion; indeed he hinted that it would be better for me to quit the service, and apply myself to some other profession." I cannot describe my disappoint-

ment and vexation. Through the representations of this man, I had given up the sweets of childhood to endure the severest hardships and privations. I had toiled unflinchingly in my duty; I had fought the battles of my country, and could show my honourable scars; and thus to have the "red flag at the fore" torn down by the hand I expected to raise me!—my pride, and every feeling of my heart, revolted against it. I was determined to persevere.

Other six years passed away, in which I was a partaker of some of the most brilliant achievements of the war, when I was honoured, after thirteen years' servitude, with a lieutenant's commission. But even then it was not gained by any desperate act of valour, or by those feats which are dear and precious to every British sailor's heart; but simply by obtaining (through the present of a handsome Cashmere shawl) the interest of a fair lady, highly esteemed by the First Lord of the Admiralty. However, I got the white lapels, and that was, as Moriarty observed, "the first step up the ratlines" towards the "red flag at the fore."

After this, things went on tolerably ill among some sharp fighting and many hard knocks. My poor mother slipped her cable for the blessed haven of eternal rest. My sister got married to a pirate, who plundered my father's property,

and then cast her adrift upon the world. The old gentleman's gray hairs were brought with sorrow to the grave, my sister's coffin was soon placed upon his breast, and I was left desolate.

Still the "red flag at the fore," like a will-o'-the-wisp, lured me on. I conducted one of the fire-ships at Lord Cochrane's attack upon the French fleet in Basque Roads; had the command of a gun-boat at the storming of St. Sebastian, and was with the army at the sortie from Bayonne, in which I got a crack on the head—not big enough to jump in, to be sure, but it set my brains spinning for a month. I commanded a fast-sailing schooner charged with despatches for Wellington, when he was expected to occupy Bordeaux, and entered the Garonne in the dead of the night, lighted on my way by the flames of a French eighty-gun ship that had been set on fire to prevent her falling into the hands of the English; and having anchored in a secure position, left my vessel in a four-oared boat, passed the batteries undiscovered, and executed my orders as the brave marshal stood in the great square, with white flags and beauty greeting his arrival.

Peace came: Bonaparte was elbowed off to Elba, and the "red flag at the fore" was as far off as ever. My vessel was paid off, and after many years of activity, I entered upon a life of indolence. But as Dr. Watts very wisely ob-

serves, in one of the hymns which I was compelled to learn at school when a child,—

“Satan finds some mischief still,  
For idle hands to do;”—

so I e'en got married. The fair lady (she is now peeping over my shoulder) attracted my attention at church by the broad and bright ribands that graced the front of her bonnet. They reminded me of the “red flag at the fore,” and an inglorious sigh escaped. Now every body knows that a sigh is the beginning of love, for Byron says,

“Oh, love! what is it in this world of ours  
That makes it fatal to be loved? Ah, why  
With cypress dost thou wreath thy bowers,  
And make thy best interpreter a sigh?”

Well, but to make short of it, I got married; but no sooner had Napoleon returned from Elba, than I was again at my duty. I was sent by Sir Pulteney Malcolm, then naval commander-in-chief at Ostend, with a party of seamen to man the great guns in the army under Wellington on the plains of Waterloo, and the “red flag at the fore” once more opened on my view. It was on the very morning after the decisive battle, that between Brussels and Bruges, I met the first detachment of prisoners coming down from the

field, and was ordered to take charge of them to Ostend. There were about two thousand officers and men, most of them wounded and without a single application or dressing to the mangled parts; yet their devotion to Napoleon was unabated, and with their stiffened limbs sore with laceration, and their bodies gashed and scored with sabre cuts, they still shouted, *Vive l'Empereur!*"

The battle of Waterloo ended the war; Bonaparte was despatched to St. Helena, and all prospects of promotion are over. My noble patron has accomplished the number of his days, and no "red flag at the fore" will ever fall to my lot, unless indeed I include a certain Bardolphian tinge to the most prominent feature of my face, which has been *red at the fore* for some years past; but excepting the half-pay of a lieutenant, a small remnant of prize-money, and a wife and seven children, I am as poor as a churchwarden's charity-box.



## THE PRISONER.

"It is thou liberty! thrice sweet and gracious goddess, whom all in public and in private worship, whose taste is grateful and ever will be so, till Nature herself shall change."

STERNE.

TWENTY years had floated down the stream of time since my escape from a French prison, and my almost immediate embarkation for the East Indies with cheerful prospects and with a glowing heart. Hope and enterprise urged me on in my career, and the efforts of my industry were crowned with complete success. But ah! how dear the purchase; an Asiatic clime had undermined my constitution, and ill health had rendered me peevish and discontented; so that I determined once more to visit the lapd of my nativity, and I embarked in an Indiaman for that purpose.

Only those who have been long estranged from the home of their fathers, and are returning to it with ardent expectation and thrilling apprehensions—only those can tell the mingling sensations

of pain and pleasure that agitate the breast, as the tall ship urges on her course—"splash, splash, along the wave,"—while the anxious mariner, day after day, calculates his distance from the shore and sighs to find it yet so far away.

At last, I trod on British ground, but how changed were all things since my departure! The authors of my being were no more; the companions of my youth were scattered upon the wide world, or numbered with the dead; while others whom I had folded in my arms at parting, and felt my cheek bedewed with their tears, now received me with distant politeness and cold reserve. No cheering heart-descriptive smile of affection welcomed my return, and I found myself alone, unfriended and unblest. Society became my aversion, and withdrawing from the world to the cottage where I first received existence, my days were passed in nurturing the melancholy that consumed my heart, and my chief gratification was to pass the hours of solitude near the tomb of my parents. There I would pour out my griefs, and pray to join them in the blissful realms of immortality; but a life like this, working upon a debilitated constitution, soon shattered my intellects, and my reason became impaired.

One lovely evening in August, I had taken my usual position, and the stillness of the hour, the serenity of the air, the surrounding scenery, teem-

ing with the choicest blessings of nature's store and gilded by the last rays of the setting sun, operated like enchantment on my mind; while the solemnity of the lone churchyard, spread with the turf-raised tenements of death, wrought upon my disordered imagination, and filled me with a superstitious awe. The darkening shades of twilight fell heavier on the landscape, and I gazed around with indescribable sensations, fearing my eyes might rest on some unearthly form; yet desperately wishing to know the secrets of the clay-cold prison-house.

At this moment, as the full round moon shed her pale lustre on the monumental stones, bleached by many a winter's storm,—at this very moment, my sight fell upon a strange mysterious figure, crouched near a new-made grave. Every fibre of my heart was racked to the extreme, every nerve was strung with maddening resolve. I rushed toward the spot; but what was my horror, what were the sickening sensations of my soul, when the figure raised his pale face, and as the moon-beams fell upon it, I beheld the well-remembered countenance of one who had shared the pastimes of my boyhood, who had been my fellow-prisoner at Verdun, whose untimely death I had deplored, and whose mortal remains I had myself seen consigned to the silent grave. It spoke; the voice seemed to be the same, though

mournful and sepulchral, and every faculty of my mind seemed to be suspended. Again it spoke, and recognised me,—changed as I was,—called me by name, and rising from the earth, stretched forth its hand to welcome me. I shrunk back for an instant, my brain was suddenly as if on fire, and then again was chilled to icy coldness; life seemed to tremble on the verge of eternity. I sprang forward, grasped the extended hand, and fell senseless to the earth. On again recovering, the spectre was gone, but the recollection flashed upon my mind. I hastened towards my cottage, and entered it a maniac.

Months passed away in this unhappy state;—sometimes the attendants were animated by the faint glimmerings of hope, at others they were prepared to resign me to the angel of death. However, contrary to every expectation, I slowly recovered my reason and my health, when after a careful explanation, the fancied spectre again visited me, and was received as my old, my intimate friend; in short, we had been deceived respecting his death and burial through the infamous intrigues of the commandant, Wirrion, and from his own lips I heard the following account:—

“You may remember, B——, the kindness which many of the prisoners experienced from the inhabitants at Verdun, and the tender attach-

ments that united numbers of youthful hearts together, softening the loss of liberty, and lightening the bonds of imprisonment. Can you forget Adele,—the beautiful, blooming, innocent Adele? Do you not recollect the first time we saw her at the gathering in of the vintage, when her luxuriant auburn hair was entwined with the green leaves of the vine, and she presided as the queen of the festival? Have you forgotten the sweet voice that warbled forth such strains of harmony? Yes! you may forget, but I never can.

“From that moment I loved Adele; from that moment our hearts were firmly knit together, and every interview served to strengthen our fond regard. She was an orphan, her parents had perished in the sanguinary conflicts of the revolution, and she now resided with a widowed aunt, whose only daughter had pledged her affection to our fellow-prisoner, Robinson. Euphemia was light-hearted, gay, and full of spirit; Adele was firm, cheerful, and enthusiastic, but at times a deep melancholy overshadowed her disposition, nor would she reveal the cause.

“A few months after our first acquaintance, several officers had broken their parole and escaped, the consequence was a rigid restriction on the freedom of the rest; but still money at all times could overcome the watchfulness of the guard. One evening, Robinson and myself had

bribed the *gens d'armes* to permit our straying as far as the vineyard. We found Euphemia at the cottage, but Adele had walked to the verge of the grounds near the town, expecting our approach, and as we had been compelled to enter them by another path, she was not aware of our arrival. I immediately hastened towards the spot where I expected to find her, when a low murmuring sound followed by a faint shriek, arrested my steps. They were repeated still louder, and the sound directed me to the place from whence they proceeded. The cry of distress was enough for a British heart, and forgetting my situation as a prisoner, forgetting every thing but that some one stood in need of my assistance, I rushed forward. The shrieks continued, though fainter, and in a few seconds I reached the spot where Adele, my own sweet Adele, was struggling with a brute in human form. In an instant he was prostrate at my feet, and the fainting, innocent maiden clasped to my breast; but turning my eyes towards the wretch who thus had forfeited all pretensions to the character of man, I saw my fate was sealed,—it was the infamous, the cruel Wirrion.

“Before I could recover from my surprise, the villain had sprung upon his feet and advanced towards us; but stopping short, he gnashed his teeth, and shaking his clenched hand, exclaimed,

‘Eh bien, monsieur!’ and instantly retreated. ‘You are lost,’ cried Adele, ‘my Henry you are lost! ’tis his persecutions have made me wretched, and I did not dare to tell you, lest it might lead to dangerous consequences.’

“We ran to the cottage, related the events which had occurred, and then bidding the sweet girls farewell, with heavy, dejected spirits Robinson and I instantly returned to our quarters.

“Day after day passed on, but no public notice was taken of the transaction. No! the villain played a deeper game. Our minds were kept in a state of continued alarm by mysterious hints, rigid watchfulness, and harsh regulations; till at last, in conjunction with our faithful adherents, who sacrificed all selfish feelings to secure our safety, we projected our escape, and they prepared to supply us with every requisite for the purpose. Oppression had stirred up my spirit, and I longed once more to tread the deck in the service of my country; yet to leave Adele, whom I so fondly loved, and to leave her too exposed to such a monster,—my heart sickened at the thought.

“I was sitting in my apartment, agitated by struggles between affection and duty, reflecting that every means would be employed to shorten my days if I remained, and the many chances there were against my escape, when a lad en-

tered and intimated that there was a peasant waiting below, who wished to deliver a message. The person was introduced, and we were left alone; but what was my surprise to find, under a peasant's garb, my beautiful Adele. She had brought the disguises we were to assume, and came, as she said, "to weep her last farewell!" Often did I declare it was impossible to leave her; and as often did she press my departure with an earnestness that surprised and distressed me.

"Every thing at last was finally arranged, and on the ensuing night, Robinson and myself were to repair to a particular spot, where, upon a concerted signal, a faithful guide would be ready to attend us. Short was our interview,—I pressed her to my heart,—we pledged our solemn troth,—and—she tore herself away.

"The following morning, Robinson received his instructions, and to avoid suspicion, we kept within doors through the remainder of the day. At dusk we sallied forth, and passed the gates just before they were closed, not without suspicion, but our disguises were so admirably contrived, as to deceive the penetrating looks of the guard. The night was dark and stormy, and it was with great difficulty we reached the suburbs near the vineyard. Here poor Robinson formed the resolution of once more seeing Euphemia; and though I pointed out the danger, yet my own heart was



involuntarily attracted towards the cottage. We approached, but were compelled to abandon the design, as the *gens d'armes* were evidently on the watch.

"We returned to the spot where our guide was to be in waiting, and made the signal; but it met with no reply, and we dreaded lest by delay we had forfeited the opportunity of escape. Crouched behind a jutting rock, after remaining some time longer in anxious suspense, we saw a figure moving at a short distance; the signal was again given, and by being answered, we knew it to be our guide. He appeared, from his stature, to be a mere lad; but the darkness of the night and a broad-brimmed hat, concealed every feature of his face. Not a word passed on either side, and we commenced our march over a rugged track winding among the rocks, that greatly impeded our progress, till we came suddenly upon the main road, and the next moment were surrounded by a troop of cavalry. They interrogated our guide, but he was silent; they addressed us, and suspecting we were betrayed through the machinations of Wirrion, I was on the point of venting my indignation on the guide, when he prevented it by answering we were peasants. The reply not satisfying the officer, and the guide preparing to pass on, he struck him a severe blow on the head with the flat of his sword; a piercing shriek

followed, that wrung my soul to agony,—such a shriek as had once before fell upon my tortured ear; it was Adele,—the generous, self-devoted Adele,—and she fell into my arms breathless and bleeding.

“The officer and several of the troop alighted on discovering that our guide was a female, and every means were used to restore animation, which, after considerable exertion, proved successful; and we were informed that our condition was well known, as they had only a short time before seized the conveyance which was to carry us beyond the frontiers, and had extorted the whole plot from the driver.

“There are some situations to which human nature may be exposed, that come like a blight upon the heart, chilling every faculty, and such was my case now; an icy coldness crept through my whole frame, and a faint sick shuddering shook every nerve. Adele was still supported in my arms, but I experienced neither grief nor pleasure; her blood ran streaming down my breast, but excited neither horror nor resentment; not a single murmur escaped from my lips, yet an insupportable weight of anguish pressed heavy on my soul. I heard the curses and execrations of our captors with indifference; but when they came to force her from me, then—then my spirit was aroused,—then my dormant faculties awakened from their stupefaction, and clasping her

closer to my heart, I swore to hold her there till death. The courageous girl clung round me with all the powerful strength of maddening desperation, but how futile were our efforts against the united force of such a band! we were forcibly torn from each other; I saw her tender arms pinioned with cords; I saw her mounted on one of their horses; my stupor returned, and I patiently suffered them to bind my hands. Robinson and myself were conveyed to the citadel, and put in close confinement.

"On the following morning, Wirrion came to our prison, and a ghastly smile of infernal satisfaction played upon his features. Every epithet my tongue could lavish on a villain, was poured on him. At first he shrunk back; but approaching nigher, I heard his detested voice in a half whisper muttering between his teeth, 'Remember Adele!' My hand was instantly writhed in the wretch's collar, but the bayonets of the guard were presented,—nay, even pricked my breast, and the pain compelled me to quit my hold, and we were condemned to solitary confinement for breaking our parole. Oh! how many hours and days of agonized suspense followed close upon each other! and though a cheerful gleam would sometimes break upon our dreary solitude, yet the uncertainty as to what had become of those we loved, clouded the brightest moments. In vain

exertions were used in our behalf; we were considered dead to the world, and all its enjoyments.

"Among the soldiers who did duty near our prison, was an old grenadier, and sometimes we surprised him gazing at us with deep and marked emotion; but the moment he found himself observed, he would resume his ferocious countenance and turn away. On a particular day of festival, when discipline somewhat relaxed from its severity, our grenadier was sentry over us, and having looked cautiously around, he growled out a curse at the English prisoners, and thrust his bayonet towards the grated bars of the window. At first, I thought he designed to stab me; but observing something like white paper screwed up in the muzzle of his firelock, it was instantly in my hand, and the piece withdrawn. Hope once more played round my heart; it was a note in broken English, expressive of sympathetic feeling, and promising assistance. The writer had been a prisoner in England, and had shared the generous hospitality of my countrymen; but what conveyed the greatest delight to my mind, was assurances of the safety of the dear girls. After reading this unexpected epistle, we looked down towards the veteran; but no effort could again draw his attention, he continued pacing his post till relieved, without taking the slightest notice. Means of communication we had none, and several weeks of intense anxiety passed away

without again seeing the grenadier. Wirrion would frequently come to glut his brutal malice, and never failed to drop some threatening hint of his future intentions.

"One afternoon, the grenadier again appeared before our prison; but the other sentinels were too near for him to convey any thing of which he was possessed, though it appeared evident that such was his intention. Recollecting the mode of receiving the last communication, I uttered a torrent of abusive and provoking language; he seemed to understand my meaning, and thrusting the bayonet through the bars, my hands grasped the paper, and unfolded an affectionate yet mournful epistle from Euphemia and Adele. The latter had been imprisoned, and every method resorted to which was likely to effect her destruction; but, happily, she had escaped all the machinations of the villain Wirrion. Her wound had been healed, and she was again restored to liberty. This letter was enclosed in a paper written on, I believe, by yourself with a pencil."

"I remember it," said I; "it was to give you hopes of escape, as several had united in the cause, determined to set you at liberty; but the commandant traversed our design. A Frenchman we entrusted, betrayed our secret."

"It was so," he continued; "and from time to time the veteran supplied us with information.

By his means we were furnished with tools to cut through the bars which confined us; but this was a work of time, and could only be attempted at those hours when our friend was on sentry, as the least noise of the file would have betrayed us to the man at the next post. At last, after a sickening interval of several months, our task was accomplished, and we waited in anxious expectation for further instructions.

"It was on a stormy day in November, poor Robinson and myself were sitting together on our only chair, conversing about home and recalling to memory the transactions of our childhood, when parents, brothers, sisters, and the companions of our juvenile amusements alternately occupied our attention. From them the conversation turned to the land of our nativity, and there was something so peculiar in Robinson's manner when speaking of his country, as to excite painful sensations in my mind. His spirits were exceedingly dejected, though at times an enthusiastic expression of devoted attachment to his king and his profession lightened up his pale features with a glow of animation; but it would presently sink again, and grasping my hand, while a tear trembled in his eye, he uttered, 'You will see them again, you will once more tread on British soil, whilst I—yes, my grave will be made in the land wherein I am a stranger. Yet tell them,—tell my parents that Robinson never dis-

graced his cloth, or committed an act for which they could blush.' I endeavoured to divert his thoughts from such ideas, but my efforts were useless. I know not whether there is any thing like presentiment; but in many events which occur in our journey through life, there are some strange mysterious coincidences that would almost prompt the credence of it, and thus it proved with poor Robinson.

"The heavy bell of the citadel tolled four, and in a few minutes we heard the relief-guard beneath our windows. The officer and his men passed on; we listened to the measured tread, as their steps receded, and then cautiously advanced; but the sentry was in his box, and again we resumed our seat. The theme of our conversation turned upon the dear girls, who had risked so much for the poor prisoners; and here Robinson was again sad and melancholy, conjuring me, if my life was spared, to give his last and tender farewell to the amiable Euphemia.

"At this moment a noise was heard, like the fall of a firelock on the pavement, but it passed unnoticed; however, when a short time had elapsed, it was repeated, and on going to our grating to ascertain the cause, we saw our faithful old soldier on the post. The rain was pouring down in torrents, and the weather was excessively cold, so that most of the other sentinels were glad to keep under shelter. After taking

two or three turns without looking up, he suddenly halted, raised his bayonet to the window, and we received a small scrap of paper, which contained these words, written in a hand we did not remember to have seen before. 'At ten o'clock to-night, when the relief comes round, be ready to remove your grating and descend. Upon the ramparts, under the muzzle of the third gun from the sentry-box, you will find materials to assist in your descent, and below are disguises to put on. Be firm and resolute.'

"There was a something in the manner of this note that did not altogether please me; it raised suspicions I found it difficult to suppress; but to give any information of this to the grenadier was impossible; he returned to the spot no more. The next consideration was, how we were to descend; but that was readily suggested, by tearing our blankets into slips, and then twisting them together. To tell you the torturing suspense we endured, while the time passed heavily on, is beyond my power, but there was a novelty in our situation which lifted us to hope. Nine o'clock came, and our hearts beat in tumultuous disorder; we listened to the chiming of the quarters, and silently prepared for our removal. At last, we heard the first warning for ten, and we grasped each other's hand with convulsive agitation. Every stroke of the sonorous bell vibrated on our hearts with sickly apprehension; it ceased, and



all was silent, except the howling of the wind and the pelting of the rain. Shortly afterward, the sentinel challenged the relief, and hope and despair alternately took possession of my breast, but both urged me on in the same determined course.

"The night was uncommonly dark, tempestuous, and dreary, so that we could not discover the fresh sentry as he paced his post. After walking backwards and forwards several times, the noise of his footsteps ceased, and we heard the butt of his firelock brought to the ground as he entered the box. Another quarter of an hour elapsed, when we removed the bars, and secured our blanket rope. I descended first, without making the slightest noise; but poor Robinson slipped and struck the loose grating above, which instantly fell into the room. The sentinel started from his box, we heard the rattle of his arms, but all was instantly hushed, and the howling of the gale deadening the sound, he did not advance. Stretched on the wet pavement, while the rain poured down with impetuous fury, we remained motionless for nearly half an hour; when finding the sentry had returned to his box, we cautiously crawled away upon our hands and knees, till having attained a proper distance and rising on our feet, we slowly and silently followed the directions which had been given.

"Again the bell tolled eleven, as unseen w

reached the spot; but the sentry here was on the alert, and we had time just to secrete ourselves, by laying at full length on the sloping descent of the rampart, when he passed the place; this he continued to do repeatedly, and we could distinctly hear his movements at every turn. At last, after a painful suspense, the heavy tread ceased; and stretching our hands out in various directions, we found beneath the muzzle of the gun, a rope coiled up. To secure one end to the carriage and pass the other down through the embrasure, was the work of a few minutes, and sliding over the battlements, the cord passed swiftly through my glowing hands; but what was my distress, on reaching the lower extremity, to find it was too short to allow of my touching the ground, and the darkness prevented my seeing what distance there was to fall. It was impossible to apprise my companion, for just at this instant I felt the rope violently agitated from above; the next moment it gave way, and I was precipitated down the rocks. How long I laid insensible, I cannot tell; a confused recollection sometimes passed across my mind of a piercing shriek mingling with the gale; but the fall had completely stunned me. Dreadful indeed were my feelings, on recovering from the shock to see, by the light of glistening flambeaux, two *gens d'armes* standing over me. I stretched out my hand to raise myself up; but oh, horror, horror! it fell upon the

death-cold cheek of poor Robinson. Yes, there he lay by my side a mangled corse—literary dashed to pieces by the fall. I tried to rise, but found every effort ineffectual; in short, both my ankles were dislocated. The barbarous wretches lifted me on my feet; but I again fell, and received another severe contusion on my head. Finding I was unable to walk, they extinguished their torches and carried me on their shoulders through the gates, till they stopped before a heavy grated door; here they were joined by a third person, closely wrapped in a horseman's cloak. He opened the door, and taking from beneath his cloak a dark lantern, I was rapidly borne forward to those horrid dungeons, where a ray of daylight had never been admitted.

“After passing several massive entrances, they halted at a low door, and it swung upon its hinges; here they threw me down with bitter imprecations, and the *gens d'armes* withdrew. The individual who carried the lantern then approached me, and purposely turning the light upon his face, I beheld the fiend-like countenance of Wirrion; it was like a blasting vision to my sight, and the powers of utterance were denied me. He tried to laugh, but it resembled the yell of a demon. He gnashed his teeth, exclaiming, ‘Remember Adele!’ and turned the key upon his wretched captive. Oh, what was my agony as the last feeble glimmering of the lamp disappeared, and

all around became the darkness of the grave,—still living—still breathing, yet, as I thought, entombed for ever! Happily insensibility crept over me for a time, but of its duration I am unable to speak. I was awoke to recollection by a confused sound which appeared to come from a distance, and then died away. Again the clashing of bayonets and the heavy tread of armed men seemed to approach, but my head was strangely bewildered. In a few minutes, however, I could distinctly hear voices, and recovering in some measure from my stupefaction, as they drew near, I gathered sufficient from their impetuous language to ascertain that another victim was about to be incarcerated in the dreary dungeons, and that victim our faithful friend—the grenadier. When they had reached my dungeon, he refused to proceed,—reproached them with their cruelty to an old man, and added, ‘Life at the longest, must be of short date to me; here satisfy your brutal malice!’ A heavy rush and the rattling of bayonets instantly succeeded, mingled with the curses of the guard; a yell—a wild yell followed, and something fell like a leaden weight, against the door of my dungeon; a bitter groan, as when the heart-strings break, vibrated through the vault, and a convulsive struggling noise, as if some poor wretch lay quivering in his last death-pang.

“The brutal soldiers exulted over their victim,

and then slowly retraced their steps. Hitherto I had been silent, but now wrought up to a pitch of frenzy, I raved with desperate madness, entreating them to return and release me from my misery. In a few minutes they halted, and a dead silence ensued. Again I shrieked, and the rocky vaults prolonged the sound, as if a thousand voices joined my cries. The guard growled out their imprecations and departed. In vain I tried to get upon my feet; every effort increased my anguish, and as I extended my hands upon the stone floor of my cell, they fell upon some slimy reptile that filled me with abhorrence and with disgust. After repeated painful struggles, I crawled to the door; but receded on finding my hands immersed in what I first imagined to be water, but a heavy groan and then the tremulous gurgling of the breath in the throat of the dying man, convinced me it was blood. I called to him, but no answer was returned; I spoke with tenderness, mentioned who I was, but still all was silent except the groans of the wretched sufferer. Oh! how did I pour out my heart in prayer, for heaven to support me under the accumulated load of horror, or to remove me from existence.

"In about an hour afterwards, as near as I can conjecture, the door was violently shaken by his struggles; a sudden shriek, with the grinding of

the teeth, and then a heavy deep-drawn sigh, told me the last efforts of frail mortality were over.

“But why need I enumerate the trials I underwent, the sufferings I endured. My daily scanty pittance was brought by an individual, upon whom every attempt to gain a single word was unavailing; so that at last I refrained from speaking. Often have I been compelled to wait hours beyond my time, racked with hunger and burning with feverish thirst. Once in rising too eagerly, I dashed the jug from the jailer’s hand, and no entreaties could move him to supply me with more. My raging thirst brought on delirium, and I fell into a lethargic stupor. Well do I remember it,—sweet dreams came over me, and I fancied I was ranging through some lovely meadows, where the eddy streamlet murmured over its shingly bed, clear and transparent as crystal. All the friends of my youth were surrounding me, and I heard their sweet welcomes to my home; my mother pressed me to her heart; my father grasped my hand with joy, whilst sisters and brothers hung in my embrace, and wept with rich delight. Then we sat down to the feast, and every luxury which could refresh the grief-worn prisoner was eagerly devoured. Oh! the agony of awaking from such a dream! Scorched with fever, and parched with burning heat,—it is impossible to picture it.

“How long I had remained in confinement was

unknown to me. I had endeavoured to keep some trace upon my memory by the return of my food, but that was soon lost in the number. By almost constantly sitting with my legs extended, I recovered the use of my feet; but the cell was so low and contracted, that walking was impracticable. My clothes were in tatters; I was unwashed and unshaven, and my hair hung down in thick and matted flakes. How many victims of sanguinary malice have I heard in their last dying agonies! how many secret murders have been perpetrated in those vaults,—even at this moment I shudder at the recollection!

“When I was in a state bordering on brutalized indifference, my keeper was changed, and one of milder manners brought my food; this too was augmented, and I was indulged by many little acts of kindness to which I had long been a stranger. I had been sitting anxiously waiting his appearance, when sleep overpowered me, and the luxury of clean straw contributed to the sweetness of repose. I was awoke by some one gently shaking my shoulder, and raising myself beheld—oh! what were my sensations—it was Adele. ‘I am mistaken,’ said she, gazing at my haggard looks, and trembling with alarm. But when I called her by name, she sunk senseless by my side. What a moment was that, when after every hope had vanished, when those sweet feelings which are best and dearest to man were dying in my heart,

thus to be recalled to life,—to be awakened to the world, and once more to hold in my arms the dear treasure which bound my spirit down to earth!—Forgive me, my friend, for I cannot restrain my feelings.

“When she recovered, she stared wildly upon my emaciated face, and then springing up, tore herself away. ‘Rise!’ said she in a tone of bitterness, ‘rise! and follow me!’ But this was no easy task, and the voice of command from Adele struck heavy on my heart. I had been so little used to exercise, that walking was almost death to me. Adele perceived it, and in a tone of softened tenderness she implored me to lean on her, and burst into tears. ‘Why are you here, Adele?’ exclaimed I; ‘why are you my deliverer, and how could you discover my prison?’ She indistinctly murmured the name of Wirrion, and the truth instantly flashed upon my mind. ‘You are—Adele, can it be?’ and I felt a suffocating weight upon my breast. ‘Adele you have sacrificed yourself for me!’ The exertion overpowered my weakness, and I sunk senseless at her feet.

“On recovering my recollection, I found myself in a comfortable apartment, and an attendant sitting by my side. ‘Where is she?’ said I, ‘where is Adele?’—‘Alas! alas!’ replied the man, shaking his head, ‘*monsieur est tres mal au tete.*’ ‘Tell me,’ exclaimed I, ‘tell me, I conjure you, where I am, and where is—but no, no, I recollect it now.’



The man again shook his head and repeated his observation. At this moment an aged female entered the room, and finding me rational, she sat by my side, and from her conversation I learned that I was in Germany, having been brought thither about a fortnight before in a state of insanity by some French troopers. That since then the fever had been very powerful, and my life had been despaired of. 'And Wirrion?' said I. She made no answer, nor did she appear to comprehend the question;—indeed I afterwards found that she was totally unacquainted with my history, but that a sum of money had been left to provide for my maintenance.

"By wholesome food and kind treatment my recovery was rapid, and I was soon enabled to return to my native land. But misery seemed to follow me still; my parents were numbered with the dead, and the report of my untimely fate had hastened their departure. Their property was divided amongst my brothers and sisters, who were most of them married, and they now treated me as one who had risen from the grave to rob them of their rights. Disgusted and sick at heart, I once more embarked in the service of my country, and received the reward dear to every British officer's heart,—promotion.

"Fortune now smiled upon me, and her golden favours were showered with an unsparing hand.

Still Adele, the beautiful, tender, self-devoted Adele, constantly occupied my mind; in dreams, in visions of the night, Adele was ever present to my memory, and through the duties of the day the debt of gratitude was never banished from my heart. I heard that Wirrion had been summoned to give an account of his stewardship; but unable to meet the frowns and sentence of Napoleon, had done justice upon himself and perished by his own hands. But all inquiries after Adele had been useless; yet I had sworn never to love another, and my oath was kept inviolate.

"As soon as peace between the two countries was declared, I crossed the Channel, and from thence hastened to Verdun. The vineyard still remained, though in ruins, and the ashes of the cottage were strewed upon the plain. No one could tell me of Adele. The inhabitants of the house at which I had lodged were mourning for the loss of their brave sons, whom Bonaparte had compelled to enter the army; age had dimmed their sight, but sorrow more. I told them who I was, and they recoiled from me in doubt and perplexity. However, I soon convinced them, and then I heard that Wirrion had buried poor Robinson, and reported that both our remains were contained in the same coffin, and interred in the same grave. I inquired for Adele and Euphemia; the latter was dead, but of the former

they could give me no information, and after a fruitless search I bent my way to Paris.

“One day having dined with several British officers, we took a stroll in the evening through the city, and on arriving at the *Palais Royale*, a number of persons had assembled round an itinerant singer; but as she was not then engaged, we were passing on, when our steps were suddenly arrested by a sweet plaintive voice, pouring forth those thrilling notes which, like inspiration, almost enchant the soul. We drew near the crowd, but how shall I describe my agitation when I heard the self-same *chanson* which Adele had sung so exquisitely when I first beheld her? Old remembrances rushed upon my mind, and unconsciously putting aside those who opposed my progress, I advanced close to the singer. Her back was toward me, and her voice seemed faltering as if shaken by bitter recollections; but when she arrived near the close, her tones were scarcely audible. At that moment she turned; I gazed upon her features, and the next instant she was in my arms,—it was herself—it was Adele!

“Why need I repeat every transaction? Together we returned to England, and she became my wife;—yes, mine by every tie, both human and divine. She told me her tale of sorrow, but I cannot relate it now. Her sufferings had been on my account, and I was determined to heal the wounded spirit and bind up the broken heart.

The world condemned and shunned me, but what had I to do with the world? Adele was all to me, and in her dear society I forgot my sorrows. Not but that she was changed: circumstances had much altered the natural sweetness of her temper, and the mode of life she had pursued contributed to deaden the finer feelings of the heart; but she was the deliverer who saved me from destruction, and I thought only of our meeting at the gathering in of the vintage.

“We lived happily together, away from the bustle, the turmoil, and what is falsely called the pleasures of life. A small cottage in the country was our home, and there we enjoyed peace and contentment. My fortune was ample, with but few desires to be gratified; and I have deeply to regret that I was unacquainted with your residence in my neighbourhood, for your society would have been an additional happiness.

“But ah! how fleeting are all our joys. It was on the early part of that day, when you saw me kneeling over a new-made grave, that I had consigned the last remains of my Adele to the narrow home appointed as a resting-place from earthly trouble. Yes, she is gone, I trust, to the realms of everlasting bliss, where no sorrow can disturb; no pain be felt; but where there is fulness of joy for evermore?”

## THE CONVICT.

"Alas! the constancy of my sad mind  
Is put to dreadful proof."

It was some short time after the storming of Monte Video by the British troops, when the guerilla bands were formed in the neighbourhood of the city, that a party of young men took it into their heads to ride into the adjacent country; and though the inhabitants were decidedly hostile to the English, yet with the carelessness and impetuosity natural to youth, they resolved to *seek* adventures, cost what they might. With hearts elate, and mounted on swift horses, they passed the city gates and swept round the bay that forms the extensive harbour. After riding through some villages, they considered it as not accordant with their plan to keep the beaten road,—nor indeed was there any road which merited the name, after they had gained a certain distance from the town. The meridian sun saw them scouring across the plain, where neither tree nor shrub could mark their track, or serve as guides for their return. Frequently, from behind the jutting

rock, the *paysáno*\* would display his hardened and ferocious features, and muffling himself in his *poncho*, or long robe, grin defiance at the adventurers. His long fusee held in one hand, with his *lasso* coiled at his side and a terrific knife stuck in his girdle, the marauder stood undaunted by danger and undismayed by the fear of death. The young men had frequently been led to pursue the wild ostrich in its course, and to chase the numerous deer; but this hunting produced consequences which might have terminated seriously, for it scattered the number into parties of two or three, who might easily have been cut off and destroyed by the enemy:—and now for my own individual portion of the excursion. Having been, with one other, separated from the rest, we used every possible exertion to discover them, but without effect. Whenever we shouted, our voices reverberated from the rocky piles that reared their heads upon the plain like monuments of ancient grandeur, and seemed to revive recollections of the field of graves.

The sun, whose journey was even more rapid than our own, threatened to leave us in obscurity and darkness; and when once his beams had disappeared, we had no certain direction to ascertain our way. It was in the month of June, and

\* Literally countryman, or peasant; but here designed to represent a guerilla.

consequently winter in that part of the world; but accustomed to privations of almost every kind, we cared but little for the season, and as for attacks—we had weapons of defence. Yet still, at times, an indescribable emotion agitated my heart. The countenances of the *paysános*, and the certain death which awaited capture—death, too, the tortures of which might be increased by malignity and rendered lingering in the extreme, left no very pleasant sensation on the mind. The recollections of home crowded upon me—for the delights of domestic society never come more sweet to the memory than when they threaten to be torn from us for ever. Still we had come out for adventures, and the buoyant spirit of sailors urged us on. We had already travelled, at a moderate calculation, upwards of twenty miles without seeing a habitation, or the least trace of civilized society, when the bright luminary of day disappeared from the western horizon, and all became murky gloom and darkness. To have continued on without knowing whither we were going, (for not a star was visible to act as a friendly pilot in our navigation,) would have been downright madness; so reining in the horses, we suffered them to pursue their own way. Often could we hear the jaguar growling near us, and the enraged buffalo would dart across our path, while the bellowing of the wild cattle from the distance floated on the breeze. Frequently mis-

led by the false light above the fen, we had nearly plunged into irretrievable destruction, and then imagination would (as the bleak wind passed across our eyes) make us fancy that we saw some dwelling near at hand of safety and security. Hunger, too, attacked us, for we had tasted but little food since our departure.

Three hours had been employed in suffering the horses to take their own course, during the last of which neither of us had spoken much, when my companion suddenly exclaimed, "We are stopped; here is a gate!" and sure enough the gate, with large wide folding compartments and a mud fence—as far as the darkness would allow our sight to extend—was distinctly visible, though no habitation nor the trace of human being could be seen. Immediately alighting and securing our horses to the gate-posts, we cautiously reconnoitred; but all ingress by that way appeared impossible, without climbing over. To propose and to perform were synonymous, and in a few minutes we were safely landed within the walls. Following the track of a narrow path for about a quarter of a mile, our progress was arrested by hearing the strains of music, and shortly afterwards a female voice, of exquisite tone, commenced the evening hymn to the Virgin. Sailors are naturally superstitious, and at this moment, yielding to the romantic fervour of my disposition, all seemed enchantment. Never, perhaps, was



there a voice more harmonious, or more calculated to work upon the softer emotions of the soul. There was no laboured execution—all was pure nature, offering up its sacrifice of heartfelt devotion. The sounds ceased. "Surely," said I to my companion, "those are the sweetest notes that could ever charm the coldest nature."—"Truly," replied he; "for now we shall get something to eat, at all events!" This answer called me from my *heroics*, and we proceeded onwards.

Not a light was to be seen—not the least vestige of a house in view; yet we followed the path till a low, but extensive range of buildings displayed itself. It was on one floor, and on turning the corner, a sudden blaze of light burst upon us.

In a small but neat chapel, such as is usually attached to country residences among the Catholics, a number of wax candles illuminated the altar. The gray-haired sire stood before it, whilst his wife, children, and domestics knelt in a semicircle round him. He raised the emblem of redemption in his hand, and pressed it upon his breast; then kneeling down, his aged head reclined upon the cross as he poured forth his fervent petitions. Rising from this attitude, he replaced the crucifix upon the altar, and turning towards the assembled group, his hands were outstretched to dispense a parent's blessing. There was

something in the whole scene so truly descriptive of a patriarchal benediction, that I felt all the emotions of my breast indulging in their full energies. "Sidney," whispered I to my companion, "this is indeed delicious. What fervour, what devotion, what ——." "Nonsense," said he, "let us see the roast beef and a bottle of wine, and then I'll talk to you." We introduced ourselves at the close of the service, and were received with the most hospitable welcome. Servants were despatched for our poor jaded horses, we were ushered into a large hall, and the table soon groaned with substantial fare, amongst which was hot beef, cooked in the hide. Our host informed us we were upon a farm belonging to himself, and after refreshing ourselves, he introduced us to his family. They were nine in number, nor was I long in discovering from whom those dulcet warblings had proceeded, which made such an impression upon my mind. It was the old man's pride, —his eldest daughter, in her sixteenth year. In that country, nature is extremely bountiful to females; sixteen is considered the age of maturity, and few marriages are contracted after that period. Mariqueta was lovely, yet it was not that sort of beauty that strikes the beholder with mere admiration; it was a loveliness that interested the heart. Among the attendants was one who seemed to watch our movements with marked attention; he almost anticipated our wants, and I fre-

quently observed the shades of deep sorrow pass across his features. He had once been handsome, but age had dimmed the lustre of his eye, and I fancied that his countenance still bore marks of hurried passion and guilty daring.

Of the Spanish language, myself and companion scarcely knew any thing, nor was there an individual in the place to interpret; nevertheless, we contrived to hold something like a conversation, though frequently the subject was left to chance for decision. The old man expressed his undisguised resentment against the invasion of the English, but scorned to withhold hospitality from benighted travellers, though they were his enemies. He spoke of the *paysános* as terrific people, and rejoiced that we had not fallen into their hands. On retiring to rest, he placed a hand on each of our heads and offered up a prayer. We then saluted the family round, and never were my lips pressed to those of a female with more unblemished purity or chastity of thought than when they touched the cheek of Mariqueta.—After a night of sweet refreshing slumber, we arose and contemplated the surrounding scenery. The farm was erected in a secluded spot, far in the interior, for the purpose of catching wild cattle, and jerking or salting the flesh, which, at Monte Viedo, formed a great branch of commerce. The hides and tallow were also carefully preserved.

At a short distance from the house was a large garden, tastefully arranged, and beyond this was an orchard. There was an air truly English in the decorations and manner of laying out the grounds that caused very great surprise, as being totally different from any thing else I had seen in this part of the world; but I could gain no other information on the point, than that it was performed by the attendant, or chief man, whom I have mentioned before. Suspecting he might have been in England, I spoke to him; but he shook his head and seemed totally ignorant of the language. After breakfast we prepared for our departure, but the old gentleman, our kind host, would not suffer us, as he feared danger was abroad, and we might be attacked; nor was he altogether wrong, but how he derived his intelligence we did not discover. Thus another day was passed at the farm, and passed in the society of Mariqueta. Young, ardent, and enthusiastic, the folly of entertaining any partiality or affection for a female, whom a few hours would probably separate from us for ever, did not enter my thoughts. I felt she was amiable—I saw she was beautiful, and the difficulties which presented themselves only served to enhance the treasure. The attendant frequently addressed her, and I could plainly perceive his language was in my favour, while the aged parent seemed rather to encourage than to repel my assiduity. The following day, our horses

were led to the gate, and the attendant was ready to conduct us on our way. We bade farewell to the parents, and Mariqueta in their presence bound a bracelet of her own hair round my wrist, while I pressed upon her acceptance a plain gold ring. As soon as we had reached the road, our guide stopped; then coming close by my side (while Sidney was some distance in advance) and addressing me in my native tongue, said, "Sir, I am an Englishman, your countryman; I have written a few particulars on this piece of paper, which I request, if possible, you will attend to. Be secret and be faithful; do not let your friend know who or what I am, and now farewell." Having uttered this, he wheeled his horse round, and the swift animal soon bore him from my sight. In a few hours we arrived safe in the city, and found every one of the party, for though each had *met with adventures*, yet all had returned uninjured. On perusing the paper so mysteriously given to me, it contained, as near as I can recollect, as follows:—

"I am the son of a clergyman, who for an alleged crime was convicted and sentenced to transportation. The convicts seized the ship and brought her into the River Plate. In this I had no participation, but the guilt rests upon me, and I must die a stranger in a foreign land. My acquaintance with the Spanish tongue has deceived

many into a belief that I am a native, but there are others who wish to drag me into battle against my countrymen. I will see you again, and then be prepared to say whether I can entertain a hope of escape. If not, provide me with a few books, particularly a bible and prayer book, and be secret, as my life is now in your hands."

There was no name signed, and I immediately recollected the circumstance of the convicts taking the ship *Jane Shore* from the crew several years before; but why the man should place such confidence in me seemed inexplicable. However, I instantly set about an inquiry as to his prospects of protection, but the grounds were not sufficient to warrant any assurance of it; and as he had not mentioned when I should see him again, the affair would most probably have been soon forgotten, had it not been for the memorial of Mariqueta and the recollection of herself.

There are some feelings in the human mind so exquisitely delicate in their nature, and yet so firm in their endurance, that neither time can impair nor distance efface them. Who is there, even when "their strength becomes labour and sorrow," that does not with a retrospective eye glance back upon his early days, and call to remembrance the scenes of his youth in all their sunny vigour? Oh, there is an enchantment in it which sweetens life and lightens toil! But to my tale.

Upon an enthusiastic mind, nothing fixes an impression more deeply than the danger attendant upon an enterprise and the difficulties of accomplishing it, and such I experienced in my attachment to Mariqueta. The remembrance of her beauty, her retiring modesty, and her kindness to an enemy and a stranger, filled my thoughts day after day; while, in the stillness of night, fancy renewed the vision in my dreams. The risks which myself and companions had run in our excursion, produced an order from the commander-in-chief forbidding similar undertakings, except to a certain distance from the town; and often have I rode to the very verge of the precincts, entertaining the flatterer Hope, yet destitute of expectation.

It was about three weeks after my visit to the farm that Sidney accompanied me in my ride, and on our return we were overtaken by a storm, which raged with the utmost fury. The rain came down in torrents, and was swept like sheets of foaming spray across the plain. The wind in its fury tore up the trees and scattered the branches in every direction, threatening to crush us beneath their ponderous weight. Completely drenched with rain and worn with the efforts to keep our horses under curb, we arrived at the first village in our homeward path. A straggling place it was, formed of a few miserable cottages, or huts, with a chapel in the centre.

We stopped at the wine-house, (the only decent place,) and put our frightened animals into a shed; after which we entered the room appropriated for travellers, and found it was nearly filled with Spaniards. Near the fire were ranged several persons attached to the commissariat department, who had come from the city to bargain with the hunters for cattle. The hunters, arrayed in their *ponchos* and broad-brimmed hats with small crowns, were mingling with the former and carrying on a traffic, using the most violent gesticulations. Stretched in one corner lay several guerillas with their fuses by their side, ready at a moment's notice in case of alarm. They were soundly sleeping; but even in this placid state their features retained the most hardened ferocity. Distinct by himself, in another corner, sat a man in the guerilla costume, who on our entering, muffled up his face as if he wished to be concealed from observation. Conviction instantly flashed upon my mind that this was the individual I had been seeking, but prudence dictated that the present moment was no time to recognise him.

Our entrance produced a momentary silence, and all eyes that were not closed in slumber were directed towards us. The guerillas, whom noise could not disturb, instantly awoke at the cessation of it, and raising themselves up, stared with a gleaming fierceness upon us; but finding we were



alone, they growled a few indistinct curses, and again resumed their former position. Without betraying any surprise at the strange company we had fallen into, we drew near the fire, but nevertheless, I determined to quit the place as soon as we had obtained refreshment, preferring rather to trust to the storm, than run the hazard of the long and shining blades which each guerilla knew so well how to use. The day was waning apace when the marauders suddenly took their departure, and, in a few minutes afterwards, the man who sat alone followed them. In a country where, among the lower orders, wild and lawless passions usurp the place of reason, and baleful revenge steels the heart against every generous feeling of humanity, the departure of the guerillas came across my mind like a prophetic warning of evil intentions. I walked to the door; the storm still raged as these desperadoes were slowly putting their horses in motion. No time was to be lost; one half hour's ride would place us in security at the British out-posts, where a company of the —— regiment was stationed.

As soon as the guerilla band had disappeared, we hastily mounted and pursued our way. But darkness came stealing upon us, and the plain was so inundated that we found it difficult to keep the beaten track; while the lightning, rendered more visible by the gloom, alarmed the spirited animals we rode, and greatly impeded

our progress. When we had gained midway between the village and the out-post, the road lay through a deep ravine, formed by two craggy and almost perpendicular rocks. It was a wild and dreary spot, where several skirmishes had taken place, and many a mangled body still lay beneath huge piles of stones. Scarce had we advanced a few paces in the defile, when a shot was fired from above, and several others immediately succeeded it. Happily, our horses knew the road, and dashed forward with amazing swiftness; but the guerillas also were well mounted and possessed every advantage over us, though after the first discharge I trusted to the state of the weather to prevent them firing again, and so it proved. Still, however, we could distinguish them in close pursuit, the leading men gaining rapidly upon us. The out-post was in view, when I heard the noose of the lasso whistle past my ears, and saw it encircling the neck of the horse. The moment was one of desperation, yet I had the presence of mind instantly to check the animal and stand still. By this means the lasso was slackened; but while I was endeavouring to clear him from restraint, the guerilla was by my side, and his arm upraised to strike the fatal blow. My hanger was unsheathed, though fighting on horseback was something new to me; but death from the unerring aim of the ruffian seemed inevitable. At this very instant, while the glittering

blade hung over me, I heard the report of a gun, and the guerilla fell backwards from his horse in the agonies of death; but so vengeful had been his purpose and so strong his arm, that the knife designed for me was buried deep in the shoulder of his generous steed. This, however, was only a reprieve, for others came pressing on, and no doubt we should have been sacrificed to the memory of their companion, but for a whole volley from about fifty men who had advanced from the out-post. The guerillas immediately wheeled round, and sought safety in flight.

On joining the party who had thus snatched us from destruction, the first object that met my view was the man whom I had seen at the wine-house, and recognised as the attendant or chief man at the farm, and to him I was indebted for rescuing me from the party. I have already mentioned that he quitted the house directly after the guerillas, and leading his horse to a distance, in a contrary direction to them, he had there mounted and sought the British out-post; where giving information of our danger, the commanding officer instantly despatched a party for our protection. The attendant acted as their guide, and from his fusée it was that death was dealt to my opponent at the critical juncture, when my own life was trembling upon the verge of eternity.

On reaching a place of safety, I told him that

his expectations could not be complied with; but, from the recent service he had performed, I would make a proper representation to the commander-in-chief, and hoped to succeed. He then inquired for the bible and prayer book, which were given to him, as I had constantly carried them about me, under the hope of falling in with him. His gratitude for the gift I shall never forget; he pressed them to his heart, and the tears flowed down his furrowed cheek. He opened the bible and read these words, "Yet never saw I the righteous forsaken, or his seed begging their bread." A sudden ejaculation of—"Oh, my father!" followed. It came with double force upon my heart. His father had been a holy man; but there was another parent, whose name he had been taught to lisp in early infancy, as "Our Father, which art in heaven;" and though his earthly sire could no longer pour the balm of consolation on his mind, yet HE whom the heaven of heavens cannot contain, hath respect unto the lowly and heareth the contrite in heart. As soon as grief would give him utterance, he told me of his early days, and then the conversation turned upon his present situation. He had nothing to complain of as to treatment, but his soul still clung to the land of fond remembrances. He mentioned Mariqueta, and I had to ask some questions which respect for his sorrows had restrained. "She was well," he said; "but the gayety of her heart had

fled, and her chief pleasure was to sit in the little chapel and sing the evening hymn which had so delighted me. She frequented those spots where we had been together, and her whole conduct manifested a remembrance of the stranger, which became more deeply rooted by time. But," continued he, "I must depart; those demons, if they knew who had frustrated their design, would wreak their vengeance on the innocent and helpless. He struck his forehead,—“I must away, yet do not forget me. I claim no memorial for what I have done, but think that a fellow-creature, a countryman, sues for your pity, and may the Almighty reward your efforts.” Having uttered this, contrary to every persuasion, he prepared to go. In addition to the books for the attendant, I had also carried with me a present for Mariqueta; it was a miniature of myself, plainly set, but allowed to be an excellent likeness, and with this and my ardent expressions of regard, he bade me farewell.

As soon as I had reached the city, no time was lost in making the necessary representations to the commander-in-chief, and I pointed out the extreme danger to which the family would be exposed in the event of the guerillas discovering that they had afforded shelter to Englishmen, and that one connected with the farm had given intelligence against them. My persuasions and my

entreaties had their weight, and the following afternoon I was despatched with a party of men to take post at the farm, and escort the family into the town. Never shall I forget the feelings which agitated my breast as the guide conducted us the nearest route to the spot, and when the gates appeared in view, my heart throbbed with tumultuous agitation. I should see Mariqueta—I should press her in my arms and conduct her to a place of safety. The gates stood open, and a damp hung upon my spirits, as I had witnessed the caution with which they had been closed as evening approached. Still a herd of cattle might have entered, or a hundred things have occurred to prevent it; so without stopping to conjecture, we entered within the walls. But deeming the appearance of so large a party might alarm the inmates, I dismounted, and giving my horse to one of the men, requested the whole to wait until my return.

With a light elastic step I bounded on. The night was beautifully clear, the stars shone in their effulgent glory, and the beautiful cross of the south was at its meridian height. I reached the building, but all was calm serenity. In the little chapel a single lamp burned by the side of the altar, while a dark substance screened its feeble rays. I entered the door, and beheld a negress sitting on the steps of the sanctuary, with her face concealed in her hands, which were resting

on her knees. To the left of the altar lay several persons, covered over, apparently wrapt in slumber; while in front, upon a raised platform, spread over with white satin, was a dead body. The noise of my footsteps aroused the negress, who, upon seeing me, shrieked most piteously, and taking the lamp in her hand beckoned me to advance. An instinctive impulse urged me on. I sprang forward, and, as the pale gleam of light fell upon the corpse, beheld the perishing remains of the still lovely Mariqueta. Yes, there she lay, like a lily blighted by the tempest, or a flower seared by the lightning's flash. The hand of the destroyer had indeed been speedy, for those whom I had deemed at rest were also in the cold sleep of death. Parents, kindred, all cut off, and there was none to deliver. Oh, the agony of that moment! Years have since passed away, but years cannot efface the recollection from my mind; and even now, a sick shuddering creeps upon my soul. Yes, there lay the beautiful Mariqueta—beautiful even in death. The negress removed the coverlet, and displayed a deep wound in her bosom, from which her pure spirit had escaped.

Frenzy took possession of my reason. I tore the cover from the bodies beside the altar, and the first countenance that met my view was the aged sire. Near him lay the other members of the family—all cold—all dead. Full of despe-

rate resolve, I called my party, pointed to the bleeding bodies, and urged my comrades to avenge their fall. We searched the house, but all displayed marks of the bloody hand of the plunderer. The negress informed us that the guerillas had attacked the farm the day before, and committed acts of atrocious barbarity. The gentle Mariqueta had received her wound while shielding her father from the fiends; who, after murdering all they could find, had carried the attendant and the servants away as prisoners. She had escaped by secreting herself beneath the altar. "The Englishman had fought," she said, "and some of the guerillas had fallen." With this vague intelligence, after leaving a guard at the farm, we sallied forth, our guide undertaking to show us the haunts of the murderers.

The face of the heavens was still, calm, and clear; but, in my state of mind, the whirlwind and the tempest would have been more congenial to my agitated feelings. The stars still glittered in their brightness, but the deed of blood I had just witnessed, gave to my sight a red and gory haze that dimmed the sparkling lustre of the glistening orbs. The soft persuasions of humanity were deadened in my breast, and vengeance alone reigned with all its cruel terrors. Eagerly we pursued our course, and after one hour's smart riding, our guide suddenly pulled up



and informed us we were close to their retreat; but it would be necessary for one or two to go before with him and reconnoitre, while the others slowly advanced. Taking two men with me, and leading our horses, we approached a wild romantic spot, formed of stunted shrubbery and craggy rocks, beneath which the mouths of many caverns yawned in darkness—but all was solemn stillness. Entering one of these dismal dens, a deep groan arrested our steps. The guide shouted in the Spanish language, but no answer was returned. A gun was fired, but all remained tranquil; and it became evident that the guerillas had not been there, or else had withdrawn on our approach. Another groan decided me on searching the interior of the cave, and having procured a light, by flashing some powder on a flambeau, we advanced through several intricate windings to an inner apartment, when another sight of horror was presented. Stretched on his back upon the damp floor lay the Englishman, weltering in his blood; round his ankles and his wrists strong ropes were fastened, the other ends of which were secured to pegs driven firmly in the ground, so as to stretch his extended limbs to the extreme of torture. Nor was he the only one; two others appeared in similar situations, but their sufferings were over. We lost no time in releasing the Englishman from the rack, but his

state of insensibility from loss of blood, left but small prospect of recovery. Time was rapidly hastening away, and our guide informed us that all pursuit was fruitless, as he had no doubt the guerillas had retreated to the mountains; we therefore retraced our steps to the farm, from whence I despatched a communication to the commander-in-chief. The same night a reply was brought, stating that the priests refused to officiate or attend at the removal of the bodies; I was therefore directed to inter them wherever I could find a place most suitable.

In the orchard attached to the farm was an avenue or grove of orange-trees, and at the extremity of the walk, a rural seat (where I had sat with the sweet girl) was formed beneath the spreading branches; and this was the spot I selected as the last resting place of murdered innocence. At the still midnight hour the bodies were laid in their narrow home; no chaunt of voices gave notice of their burial; but the ritual of our church was solemnly read over them. No pomp attended the funeral; but the honest tear of the veteran, as he consigned the last remnants of frail mortality to the dust, was a memorial far more precious. No monumental inscription marks the spot—the name of Mariqueta, engraven on the green bark of the orange-tree, formed the only memento.

The Englishman was removed to the city,

where by excellent medical attendance he slowly recovered, and under the protection of the commander-in-chief, he returned to his native land. But he found his parents had long been consigned to the tomb; the friends of his youth were either dead or estranged, and after lingering a few months, tortured by remorse, he entered upon that "bourne from whence no travellers return." In early life he had been nursed in the lap of luxury, and received a good education, but in an evil hour he had committed a felony to answer the demands of a gambling debt. He had been tried and sentenced to die, but through powerful intercession his punishment was commuted to transportation for life. The ship *Jane Shore*, in which he embarked, was seized upon by the convicts, and carried into the River Plate. From that hour no ray of pleasure beamed upon his mind, but all was cheerless melancholy, bordering upon hopeless despair. Oh! may "he who thinketh that he standeth, take heed lest he fall."

## THE BURNING SHIP.

"A dismal heat, foreboding death,  
Came stiflingly on by every breath;  
And many a shuddering mother clasp'd  
Her infant to her breast, and grasp'd  
In strong despair some kindred hand,  
Which shook her off."

We were both born in the same village, and drew our nourishment from the same source in infancy. Yes, we have lain encircled in each other's arms in the same cradle, and fond affection grew with our growth. But ah! how different were our conditions in life;—she the offspring of one who could boast of rank and wealth, whilst I was brought forth in comparative obscurity and poverty.

Agnes was the daughter of a baronet, to whom my father was head gardener; her mother resigned her existence in giving birth to her child, and the first tears of the infant were shed upon the cold inanimate bosom of that being to whom she was indebted for her life. My maternal parent having been confined about the same time, was selected as wet-nurse on account of her excellent health and gentleness of disposition, and the little

Agnes was removed to our cottage, which was surrounded by a shrubbery tastefully laid out, and situated in the most delightful and romantic part of the grounds.

Sir Edward Melville was generous, and even condescending, to his inferiors, as long as they preserved an unqualified respect for his dignified rank; but if any one aimed at superior station, or failed in due reverence to himself, he became vindictive and revengeful. His principles were of so aristocratic a nature, that he considered it an ordination of divine authority for riches and titles to rule, and for humble obscurity to be content with tacit submission. Soon after the decease of his lady, he was appointed envoy to a foreign court, and a maiden aunt officiated as mistress at the castle during his absence; but the pride and malice of her heart rendered her hated and feared by all around her, and it was only at the cottage of her nurse in which Agnes always found an affectionate bosom as a depository for her griefs, and where the soothings of tenderness were ever ready to calm the perturbation of her mind.

It is impossible to define the feelings of childhood, for, as we grow more advanced in years, the softer sympathies become deadened by intercourse with the world and witnessing the scenes of misery which every where present themselves. Solomon hath said, "Childhood and youth are vanity;" yet what would I not give to possess the same

innocence of heart, the same purity of thought which I enjoyed in my early years.

In our amusements, Agnes and myself were inseparable; and when removed from the haughty control of her aunt, we indulged in those little endearments which innocence inspires. Although my father's condition in life was humble, he nevertheless possessed a cultivated taste, and was well acquainted with the works of the best writers of the day,—his leisure hours being occupied in reading (for through the kindness of the steward, he had free access to Sir Edward's library and could obtain the loan of any book he wanted) and imparting instruction to myself. At the age of six, I could read tolerably well and understand what I read; but no book delighted me so much as the affecting tale of Paul and Virginia, which was my favourite volume, and often has the sweet Agnes mingled her tears with mine while perusing its pages.

Agnes had an elder brother, but he seldom associated with us, for his aunt had centred all her regards in him, and instilled into his mind every notion of high birth and exalted parentage. Yet he was not happy; for when he did deign to share our childhood's sports, I can well remember the burst of passion which agitated him if I did not immediately comply with his wishes and submit to his caprice. But the last two years before Sir Edward's return, he had been under the manage-

ment of a tutor, whose kindness I shall never forget. This worthy and excellent man was also a constant visitor at the cottage whenever his duties would permit, and to his instructions am I indebted for whatever portion of knowledge I possess.

When I had attained my eighth year, intelligence arrived of Sir Edward's return to England, and his intention of visiting the castle; yet much as I desired to see the father of Agnes, still I can remember a dejection came upon my spirits, young as I was, and I seemed to dread it as something which foreboded evil. At length he came, and received me with great kindness as the foster-brother of Agnes; but never shall I forget his terrible look, when with the playful familiarity of childhood, the dear girl put her little white arms round my neck. It was the first time I had ever witnessed such a display of rage, and it left an impression on my mind which time can never efface. I was removed from the castle, and nothing but the persuasions of a nobleman who accompanied him, would have prevented the dismissal of my father from his situation.

In a few days afterwards, the baronet with his sister and children went to the metropolis, and four years elapsed before we met again; but though nothing is sooner erased from the memory of a child than past events, yet the remembrance of the companion who shared our infantine amuse-

ments seldom quits us through life: and so I found it with Agnes. Since we had parted, I devoted myself assiduously to learning and had made great proficiency in writing and drawing, to the latter of which accomplishments I was particularly attached. Nor was I deficient in athletic exercises, for nothing gave me greater delight than skimming through the liquid element, climbing the lofty mountain, or breaking through the thick mazes of the forest. The scenery in Paul and Virginia raised a desire in my mind to imitate the former, and often have I ascended the highest tree, sitting for hours on its topmost branches and gazing towards the road where I had last seen the equipage of Sir Edward disappear.

We were now in our twelfth year; the baronet was gone abroad taking his son with him, and Agnes with her aunt, who had married a gouty old colonel, took up their abode at the castle. The colonel was an "Honourable," but the very reverse of his lady or her brother; he was destitute of their pride, and I was frequently permitted to pass whole days at the castle in reading to and amusing him. In these pursuits Agnes was generally at my side when the absence of her aunt allowed it, and I number some of those hours as the happiest of my life. Her instructress was a mild and amiable woman, of Christian meekness and piety; she had drunk deep from the cup of sorrow, and there was a pensive melan-



choly imprinted on her countenance which powerfully interested the best feelings of the heart.

Thus passed two happy years, during which I felt my soul more strongly linked with every thing that concerned the gentle Agnes. I was as yet unacquainted with the cause of these feelings, and the first time that the truth opened to my heart was on my fifteenth birth-day. My father, whom I had occasionally assisted in his labours, gave a little fête in remembrance of it. It was the height of summer; the most respectable youths and lasses in the village were assembled to a dance in the park. The colonel was wheeled to the spot in his garden-chair, and her aunt being absent on a visit, Agnes graced the festival.

It was a happy and a lovely group beneath the wide-spreading branches of the trees, and when the dance commenced, Agnes became my partner. Oh, then I felt how precious she was to my happiness, as her light airy form was pressed in my arms! but when I contrasted the coarseness of my apparel with the delicate texture of her dress, a pang of deep humiliation stung me to the quick. At this moment, a young man in a travelling dress advanced towards us; it was Sir Edward's son. His face was flushed with anger; he seized the arm of his sister with a wild impetuosity that caused her to cry out, and I immediately

interfered; he raised his riding-whip and struck me—yes, struck me to the earth. I sprang upon my feet, but was instantly held fast and forced to the cottage, whilst Agnes was hurried away to the castle. Ah! then I felt what it was to love, and despair took possession of my mind; all other considerations seemed swallowed up, and I determined to fly from the place. Parents, kindred, all but Agnes were forgotten, and ere the dawn broke upon the cottage or the castle, I was far on my way from home.

In the early part of the morning I was accosted by a gentlemanly man, who offered me a seat in a post-chaise. This I gladly accepted, and found he was a naval officer about to join his ship at Plymouth, and he proposed my serving my country. The world was all before me, and to my romantic mind there was a magic in the expression, and before another day had elapsed I was entered on the books of the *Amphion* frigate as a volunteer. There was no time for reflection; I was wearied with my journey, sleep overpowered my faculties, and before the dawn arose the ship was out at sea. Never shall I forget my sensations when I first beheld the expanse of ocean, without a single speck to break its monotonous appearance. Blue waters all around and the clear heaven above, while the tall ship, reflecting her image on the waves, passed majestically through the briny element.

I was ignorant of etiquette, and without ceremony respectfully addressed my friend, the lieutenant; but he repulsed my familiarity with coldness, and directed a lad to take me to his cabin, where he immediately joined me. Here he explained the nature of the service, and the distance which it was deemed necessary to keep up between the officers and crew. He then made inquiry as to my clothes, and generously supplied me with some linen from his own stock. The ship's tailor altered one of his jackets, and in a short time I was equipped as a sailor. But, ah, how many hours of bitter mortification and anguish did I undergo! I had every thing to learn, was often ill-used, and every day increased the distance from all I loved, without being able to inform them of my situation, as the frigate was bound to the East Indies. Remorse prayed upon my mind; I had not contemplated leaving England, much more leaving it without letting them know where I was; but now their affectionate hearts were wrung with my indiscretion. Agnes took—but the remembrance of the sweet girl was ever accompanied by the recollection of the blow I had received from her brother, and I determined to persevere in the profession in which I had engaged.

The lieutenant was my sincere friend; he took every opportunity to promote my interests, and I endeavoured by all the means in my power to

profit by his kindness and to testify my gratitude, At first, I was much persecuted by the seamen and the other boys; but when they found me desirous of learning and attentive to my duty, every one conspired to render me assistance, and I soon became a favourite with both officers and men. On one occasion, whilst the ship was lying nearly becalmed, one of the junior midshipmen, as he was playing about the rigging, fell overboard; I instantly dashed into the sea, and supported him from sinking till a boat was lowered down and took us up. This act, for which I claim no merit, brought me under the immediate notice of the captain, who witnessed it, and I was removed to the quarter deck to do duty as a midshipman. Every one expressed satisfaction at my promotion, and my new messmates vied with each other in manifesting their generous feelings.

After a passage of four months, we arrived at Madras, and I lost no time in acquainting my parents with my destination; but, unfortunately, the letter never reached their hands, as the ship which conveyed it was wrecked off the Cape of Good Hope, and every soul perished. Scarcely had we time to refit and victual, when orders were received to proceed to the China seas, as two French frigates had been seen cruising among the islands. Thither we hastened, and continued our search after them for six months, but without success, and at the expiration of that time we re-

turned to Madras. It would be useless for me to enumerate the many places we visited during our stay in India, which occupied upwards of three years. Despatches were prepared for us, and we sailed for England.

Throughout the whole period of my absence, I had never heard from home; but still the fond remembrances of early enjoyments in that sweet spot clung to my soul, and Agnes in all her loveliness was ever present to my imagination, prompting me to many an honourable action and restraining me from every thing which could bring discredit on my affection; indeed I may truly say, that to her I was indebted for the respect and esteem I enjoyed from every one on board. Often did I rejoice in my heart at the prospect of once more embracing those who were so dear to me, and as often did the sickening sensations of distracting doubt agitate my breast.

One lovely evening, the sky was beautifully serene; the ocean like a clear mirror reflected the golden rays of the setting sun, and the light breeze just lulled the spreading sails to sleep, propelling the ship almost imperceptibly along at the rate of three knots\* an hour. It was one of those evenings that baffle the painter's art, and only the poet can portray. The first watch was drawing to a close; it had struck seven bells;† the sea-

\*Three miles.

†Half-past ten o'clock.

men on the look-out had proclaimed "all's well," and every thing was again hushed to solemn stillness. I was standing on the gangway full of pensive musings, watching a bright star just kindling on the verge of the horizon. It beamed like a ray of hope, irradiating the gloom which hung heavy upon my heart; suddenly it expanded like the glowing meteor, and the ocean was illuminated with a red and gory tinge. I was struck with astonishment, but at the same moment an exclamation resounded fore-and-aft. "A ship on fire! a ship on fire!" and the horrid conviction was, alas! too evident. In a few minutes the flames were distinctly visible, and the ship was pronounced to be about five miles distant. Never before did I witness such alacrity among our crew, as in that hour of peril. The captain and every officer and man were on deck immediately; and as it was impossible for the frigate to approach in sufficient time to rescue the sufferers, before ten minutes had elapsed from the period of first noticing the fire, every boat was in motion towards the scene of danger.

It fell to my lot to command the captain's gig, a swift-pulling boat with seven men, who bent to their oars with all the might of brave and generous spirits. As we drew near, the destructive element raged with increasing fury, and the shrieks of the wretched creatures came mingling

with the crackling of the flames and the crash of falling masts. The frigate had fired guns and hoisted lights to show them succour was at hand, and the boats' crews occasionally cheered to announce that they were approaching to their rescue. The shouts were returned from the burning ship, but so wild, so fearful, that they sounded like the yell of expiring agony that still clung to hope and life. I would have dashed instantly alongside, but the old coxswain respectfully warned me of the danger of such a measure.

We were now within a short distance of the vessel, and oh, what a sight of horror was presented! The ports were all open, and the flames pouring from them as from so many mouths, seemed eager for their prey. Numbers of poor creatures were swimming towards us, whilst others held pieces of shattered spars with a strong convulsive grasp. The fore part of the ship was nearly consumed, and the upper part abaft was rapidly falling in. Those who could swim we left for other boats to take up, and pulling under the stern, we lay unobserved by the gun-room ports, while the fiery fragments came tumbling thick about us. Trusting to my skill in swimming should it be deemed requisite to jump overboard, I instantly entered the port-hole, and the ship having fallen off before the wind, what little air there was, drove the greatest part of the smoke

forward; yet there was an almost insupportable heat, and the suffocating vapours bade defiance to my efforts to penetrate further. A feeling I could not account for, an indescribable feeling urged me on, and I reached the gun-room ladder, at the bottom of which lay a human being whose sufferings apparently were over. I passed my hand quickly to the heart to feel if any palpitation yet remained, and discovered that the individual was a female. She was yet living, and in a few minutes was safely in the boat. Again I returned with three of my crew, and soon had the satisfaction of rescuing eight poor wretches, who lay in a state of insensibility, and must soon have perished. Stimulated by success, we penetrated to the burning deck above, and never shall I forget the horror of the spectacle. Here all was brilliancy and light; and the devouring element, rolling its huge volumes over many a devoted victim, roared in its fierceness, as if to stifle the thrilling scream of the last death-pang. Several half-burnt and mangled bodies could be distinguished in the flames, and many others lay in a senseless state, unaware of the awful doom awaiting them.

Near the transom abaft, sat a woman with an infant in her arms, seeming unconscious of any object moving near her. She saw not our approach, but her eyeballs wildly glared upon the red hue of the burning fabric. I spoke to her,



shook her arm, but her eyes still continued fixed: alas! the film of death was on them. She heeded me not, but clasped her infant closer to her bosom, gave one wild, one dismal shriek, and mortal agony was over. The moments became exceedingly precious, and the smiling infant—for it smiled amid the horrors of the appalling scene—was secured, and several poor wretches were dragged to the gun-room scuttle, where they were thrown down, risking their limbs to save their lives, and the boat was completely filled, almost to sinking. Yet numbers were still left behind, and roused from their stupor by the increasing heat, came rushing to the port, and plunging headlong into the sea. It was but changing their mode of death, for the watery element, equally fatal with that from which they strove to escape, engulfed them in its dark abyss, at once their destruction and their grave.

I was compelled to put some of my rescued party in the launch, and then pulled briskly for the frigate. The female I had thus saved was still insensible; but yet, as she lay extended in the stern sheets of the boat, with her head resting on my knees, I could feel the tremulous palpitation of her heart, and hope whispered that she might yet recover. She appeared to be young, but her dark hair hung in thick flakes down her face, so as to conceal her features. The worthy coxswain had wrapped the infant in his jacket,

and it was now sweetly sleeping in the box by his side. Several of the sufferers, restored to fresh air, speedily recovered; but it was only to lament some one whom they supposed had perished.

In the bows of the boat an elderly man raised his white head, and with incoherent language inquired where he was. The bowman soothed him, and tried to explain his situation; "But my son! my daughter!" he exclaimed, "where are they?" then turning to the burning ship continued, "wretched—wretched man, they are lost—lost for ever—and I yet live!" He struggled to throw himself into the sea, but overcome with weakness, fell backward.

At this moment, another voice faintly uttered "My father! my father!" A cry of ecstasy burst from the old man's lips—it was his son. The youth lay near him, and the exclamation drew my attention towards him; he started up like one awaking from a frightful dream, and glared wildly around. But, oh God! in what language can I portray the various feelings which alternately took possession of my soul, when fixing his look on me, I saw the countenance of Sir Edward's son. A sick shuddering came upon me. The old man had called upon his daughter, and in an instant the inanimate body of the young female was raised in my arms. I parted the dark tresses that obscured her face, and as the red glare of light shone upon it, recognised my Agnes. Yes,

it was she; my arm had encircled her neck—my hand had been pressed upon her heart; but then I knew her not, and now to find her thus! Sobs of anguish and tumultuous bursts of joy followed in rapid succession. “You have saved her, sir,” said the coxswain, and a glow of pleasure filled my heart.

Sir Edward and his son had relapsed into stupor, and shortly afterwards we reached the frigate. I sprang upon the deck to inform the captain who it was that I had brought, and then returned to the boat to see my only—my richest treasure safely conducted up the side. In my arms I carried the dear girl to the captain’s cabin, and stole one kiss from those lips which I had pressed with such delight in early infancy—clasped her to my heart, and then hastened back to my duty.

Once more I reached the ship; but all approach was now impossible, and we could only pick up those who were enabled to swim, and occasionally by great hazard run so close as to receive some poor sufferer from the wreck. Yet there were many who still remained, and dreading to trust themselves to the sea, hung tremblingly between two deaths. My boat was once more filled, as were also all the rest, and we made for the frigate, which had arrived within a short distance.

Suddenly an awful explosion shook the whole

atmosphere; the glare of light was for a moment increased, and the next succeeding minute a shower of blazing timbers fell in every direction around, and the pale moon alone shed her silvery effulgence on the transparent wave. No shouts—no shrieks were to be heard; the bitterness of death was passed, and all was as tranquil as the grave. Happily the burning ruin had struck none of the boats, and we soon afterwards put the sufferers on board the frigate. The boats then again repaired to the place, but except the shattered remnants of the wreck, no trace was left. The swelling billow rolled smoothly on, and that gallant ship with many a stout heart, was buried beneath its deceitful surface. Still we passed across and across in every direction, and long after the sun had kindled up the day, our search was continued; but nothing met our view, except mutilated fragments of human bodies and pieces of blackened timber. All hands repaired on board, the boats were hoisted in, and the frigate pursued her course for England.

On getting aboard, I hastened to the surgeon and inquired the state of Agnes and her friends. They had all recovered, and were composed in slumber. Etiquette forbade my entering the precincts of the cabin uninvited, yet I lingered near the door, and the steward gave me all the information I could obtain. Duty compelled me to attend in another part of the ship, after which I

hastened to my berth and equipped myself in uniform for the forenoon watch. The master's mate had been promoted to a lieutenancy, and I had been appointed to fill the vacant station, and never was I more studious in adjusting my dress, whilst a feeling of pride animated me under the reflection that I had endeavoured to earn my present distinction solely by my own efforts.

We had saved ninety-seven people, including passengers, out of one hundred and forty-three. The ship was an East Indiaman on her passage out, and Sir Edward was going to Bombay to fill a high official station. No one could tell how the fire had originated, but it was supposed to have been occasioned by the communication of some combustible matter with the fodder stowed in the orlop deck for the live stock. But so amazingly rapid had been its spread, that the boats were rendered useless before they could be got out, excepting one small jolly-boat, which sunk soon after it was lowered down.

Notwithstanding my attention to dress, it would be impossible to describe the tumult of agitation under which I laboured. Parents—home—Agnes, all rushed upon my heart, and the cruel blow which had occasioned my departure mingled with the rest. When relieving the watch I found my friend, the lieutenant upon deck, and to him I briefly related my situation. He had heard parts

of my story before; but when I told him all, he advised me to suffer things to take their course, to manifest a becoming spirit, and by no means to show resentment. He said the captain had spoken very highly of me for my exertions and humanity, and was greatly pleased with my conduct. Praise is sweet from those who despise unmeaning flattery, and this came like a reviving cordial to my drooping mind.

Soon after ten o'clock, Sir Edward awoke considerably refreshed, and with his children returned thanks to Heaven for safety. They afterwards came on deck, and as the young man ascended, a feeling of indignation filled my breast; but it was momentary, and I walked forward to conceal my agitation, which became almost insupportable, particularly when I heard the captain's voice hailing me, and guessed the purport of his call. Mustering all my resolution, I approached them as they stood abaft, but who can paint the different looks, of father, son, and daughter, as the captain presented me to their notice. The recognition was immediate, and each seemed to have a conflict of passions in the breast. Sir Edward took my hand with coldness, and then pressed it ardently; his son walked away, giving me a glance that betrayed humbled pride, whilst the sweet countenance of Agnes spoke volumes to my soul, and told me I had been treasured in her memory with fond affection. I would have in-

quired for my parents; but while the question hung upon my lips, a well-remembered face displayed itself,—it was the old butler of the family. As soon as it was possible, I took the old man aside, and from him learned every particular. My father had been dismissed from his situation, and had struggled with many difficulties; but a relation of my mother had left them a handsome competency at his death, and their only unhappiness proceeded from ignorance of my fate. They had mourned my loss as for one who would never return. I briefly ran over my adventures to him, and only on one subject was I silent; but this was unnecessary, as he told me of many circumstances which gladdened my heart.

Being officer of the forenoon watch, it was my turn to dine with the captain. This I would gladly have declined, but it was impossible without a breach of regulations; and at the appointed hour, after putting on my full-dress, I entered the cabin, and at the captain's request, took my seat by the side of Agnes. Sir Edward looked displeased and bit his lips; his son arose from the table and muttered something about "plebeian rank;" whilst the sweet girl was almost fainting with alarm. The captain had noticed a strange peculiarity at the first interview, and, as I understood afterwards, had answered many inquiries respecting me. My friend, the lieutenant, had also given him some hints, but he was not the man to see

honest humility abused; for he himself had risen from an obscure origin, and through his own merits had climbed every gradation to his present command. Beloved by his crew and universally respected in the service, he despised the proud aspirings of those who considered high birth as the greatest recommendation. Without discomposing himself, he directed the steward to remove the young gentleman's plate to another table. Sir Edward keenly felt this, and rising up, demanded whether his present condition had so far reduced him in the captain's estimation, as to render him the object of insult?

"Sir Edward," replied the captain calmly, "when you have explained your meaning, I shall be better able to answer you; at present I am involved in mystery."

"Look there!" said the baronet, pointing towards me, "the son of my gardener! Look there!" continued he, turning to his son, "the heir to the richest baronetage in Great Britain; and that" —pointing to Agnes, "to my shame be it spoken, is my daughter."

I offered to withdraw. "Sit still, Mr. —," said the captain, rising at the same time himself with all the dignity that marked his character. "Sir Edward," he coolly answered, "it is not in my nature to taunt any one with obligations. I view mankind as united to me by the strongest ties, and whether it was a beggar or a duke,



should consider I had only done my duty in snatching a fellow-creature from destruction. But where, let me ask, would your baronetage have been, had not this young officer stepped between you and the grave? Where would your ungrateful son have been, but for his timely aid? And where would this sweet girl, of whom any father ought to be proud,—where, I say, would she have been, but for the youth whom you despise?" He grew warm. "By heaven! Sir Edward, you would have found the sharks no respecters of rank or riches; they revel in the glorious spoils of death without troubling themselves whether their prey is of noble or ignoble birth, and you long, ere now, might have satiated their ravenous appetites." The baronet shuddered. "As for this young officer, he has been upwards of three years under my command; I have watched him silently and secretly; he is a noble fellow, and shall never want a friend while these old timbers hold together! If he has injured you or your daughter, prove it, and I instantly discard him!"

"He has! he has!" exclaimed both Sir Edward and his son. I felt myself almost inspired with eloquence, and briefly told my tale.

"If (said I) to love Miss Agnes is a crime, it is one that has to me produced the most happy results, and never, never will I resign it. To that love I am indebted for my present situation; I has

been the pole-star of my heart, but never till this moment did my lips publicly avow it. This then, sir, is the injury I have committed, and it now remains with you to drive me from your patronage, or still to cherish the obscure individual whom you have been pleased to raise."

"Drive you away, my boy!" replied the captain; "no, no! I should indeed consider you unworthy of my notice, could you associate with so lovely a lass and remain insensible to her amiable disposition and beauty. But what says the fair lady? Does she too despise the poor but honest sailor?"

A faint smile passed across her pallid cheek as she distinctly uttered—"He has preserved my father's life." At that moment, thrown off my guard, I caught her hand and pressed it to my lips. Both her father and her brother saw it, but they neither spoke nor moved.

"Come, come," said the captain, as he turned round to hide the gathering tear; "let us sit down to dinner, and we'll discuss the matter afterwards. At present, thank God, you are safe; the young folks have yet many years to pass over their heads, and a thousand things may happen. Thus much, however, I will say; if ever he disgraces his cloth, I will be the first to oppose his designs; but if, on the contrary, he continues in the same honourable course he has begun, I will

support him with hand and heart; so, Sir Edward, you will have two opponents instead of one."

Sir Edward resumed his seat, his son returned to the table, but it was evidently with great mortification, and the dinner passed off tolerably well.

The infant I had taken from its dying mother, was the son of a female passenger going to join her husband, an officer in the army who had preceded her about twelve months, at a time when it was impossible she could accompany him. The little innocent did not want for nurses in the frigate, as a great many women had been saved, and every seaman was anxious to caress and fondle the child. It was afterwards restored to its father; and both their names were returned amongst the killed on the plains of Waterloo,—the former a colonel, the latter a captain in his father's regiment. But to proceed.

After touching at the island of Flores for a supply of water and fresh provisions, we pursued our course for home; and though from my junior station I could not join the company of Sir Edward and his family, nor even approach the captain without his sanction, unless on duty, yet Agnes took frequent opportunities for conversing with me. I did not venture to mention my ardent attachment, or request a return of her esteem; yet I had the satisfaction of knowing that

we regarded each other with feelings of affection, founded upon the purest desire of promoting each other's happiness. None but those who have witnessed, can form an idea of the beauties of a fine clear summer evening passed upon the smooth surface of the ocean; it is the season when the officers assemble on the quarter-deck, and as they pace fore-and-aft, enjoy the social and unrestrained converse which is precious to the heart. The falling shades of twilight conceal the anxious look as busy Memory conjures up scenes of past joys, and Hope portrays the coming future. It was at these hours that Agnes generally came on deck, and I had the inexpressible pleasure of enjoying her society; for Sir Edward had relaxed in his haughtiness though his son remained impenetrably stubborn.

At length we arrived in England, and the baronet repaired to London; but previously to his departure I received the most solemn assurances of the attachment of Agnes. To my friend, the lieutenant, I was indebted for this last interview; and in his presence our vows of fidelity were pledged. A few weeks afterwards, the baronet with his son and daughter once more embarked for Bombay. Agnes wrote me a farewell letter, and every energy of my soul was aroused to fresh exertions in my profession, under the hope of one day calling her mine. As soon as duty would ad-

mit, I visited my parents, whose joy at seeing me again exceeded all bounds. They were very comfortably settled, and it was not amongst the least of their gratifications to behold their only child arrayed in the naval uniform of his country.

It would be a useless, though perhaps not altogether an uninteresting task, for me to detail the events of the seven succeeding years, during which I frequently endeavoured to get on the East India station, and at last obtained my desire. At this time I was first-lieutenant of a frigate, (as through the interest of the captain, I received a commission almost immediately after passing my examination,) and had amassed a very handsome property in prize-money; but I knew it would be necessary for me to gain higher promotion before Sir Edward would listen to my proposals. Nevertheless, the prospect of seeing Agnes afforded me the most lively emotions of pleasure. To this moment I can remember the delight which swelled my soul when we anchored at Bombay, particularly as we had captured an enemy's ship that had long been a great annoyance to commerce in the Indian seas, as it seemed to promise me another step.

As soon as duty would permit, I went on shore and eagerly hastened to the residence of Sir Edward, where almost the first individual that met my sight was the old butler. From him I learned

that the baronet had been consigned to the tomb about nine months;—that young Sir Edward retained an important and lucrative office,—and that the gentle Agnes, harassed by the *importunities* (I afterwards heard *cruelties*) of her brother to become the wife of an extremely wealthy but depraved libertine, had sunk broken-hearted to the grave! and the old man, with many tears, placed in my hands her last letter addressed to me, with a small box containing her miniature and several other mementos of an affectionate heart.

I shall not attempt to describe the anguish of my spirit at this heavy disappointment; at first it seemed to wither up my faculties, as if the only incentive to exertion was entirely destroyed, and all my future prospects were thenceforward to be dark and dreary. Many years have flown away since, and I am now an old post captain; but though I have seen hundreds of beautiful and pleasing women, I am still single. My affection for the devoted Agnes—my first, my only love—remains unshaken, and I look forward to that happy union in the blissful realms of immortality which knows neither separation nor sorrow.

## THE VETERAN SOLDIER.

"The brave poor soldier ne'er despise,  
Nor treat him as a stranger:  
For still he'll prove his country's stay,  
In every hour of danger."

THE young urchins were taking their last five minutes of play on the beautiful village green at S——, in Devonshire, previous to returning to the school-room for the afternoon, and in the midst of them stood a tall but aged man, who appeared to be regulating the game with all the accuracy of a thorough tactician. I stood watching the interesting group of children (of all ages) whose actions were guided by the tall old man, and witnessed their parting when the sonorous bell called them from their sports. They assembled round the aged mentor, and in a broad Irish accent he bade them mind their "larning," and be good "childer."

I entered into conversation with the veteran, and found he was a pensioner on the army, who had also a little property to live upon in the village of S——, which had been left him by an officer whose life he had preserved at the battle

of Talavera. Having an hour or two to spare, I requested to hear something of his history, and with the garrulity natural to old age, he readily complied with my request. We seated ourselves on a rustic bench beneath a giant sycamore, and he began by telling me—but I cannot do better than give it in his own language.

“Faith, but your honour’s mighty condescending,” he exclaimed, “to listen to the chattering of ould Pat. Fifty years have marched off under General Time since I first shouldered the firelock, and now I am daily expecting the rout (for my billet is nearly expired) to assemble for the grand review before the sarcher of all hearts. Och, many’s the time and oft I’ve wished for some kind friend that I might spake a word to and unburthen my sinful spirit; for when I’ve stood sentry all alone by myself in the dark nights in Ameriky and Spain, and in dare little Ireland too, I’ve thought, ‘Arrah Paddy, but you are a great big blaggard, so you are, for running away from your ould mother that’s dead and gone, without so much as seeing her dacently laid under the turf. If she had been alive, it would have broke her heart, so it would, to think how her own beautiful Paddy should desart ~~for~~ in time of need, and not stop to see her waked.’ But ’twas the dthrink, your honour, ’twas the murthuring dthrink, and bad manners to Sarjent Linstock for



that same; he laughed at poor Pat, and marched us off without bate of drum, saying that 'She would never wake again;' for I must be after telling you that there was a recruiting party came down to the fair, so they picked me out as the most likely lad on the sod; and indeed your honour, there wasn't many in those days, though I say it meself, that dared tread upon my greatcoat, or call my shtick a rascal. But, as I said before, it was the dthrink, and then they chated me by slipping the king's countenance into my fob when I knew nothing about it at all, at all; but they swore I had 'listed willingly, and had taken the picture meself. Och, by my conscience, didn't I get into a thundering rage, sure!—not that I minded sarving his Majesty, heaven bless the heart of his soul, that's in t'other world! but I thought it was not trateing me handsome, your honour, to trap me into it. But I found it was of no use to complain; so I went to bid poor mother good-bye, and she'd just breath enough left to tell me not to disgrace the country that gave me birth. 'Arrah Paddy, (says she,) my own dare Paddy, that I loved so tinderly, and used to get the but—but—but—buthermilk and pra-pratees for!' Oh, sir, 'tis a big shame to see a sodger cry; but when I think of the dare soul and the buthermilk, how can I help it? 'Niver dishonour your cloth, Paddy, (says she,) nor the king you sarve,

nor the father that begot you. Fight in a just cause, and when the vanquished cry for quarter, unlock the heart and spare the hand. Protect the innocent, and do your duty like a man.'

"Then there was poor Norah, your honour. Och, hone, but I thought it would have broken my heart entirely, to see how the tears chased each other down her pale face! 'And why will ye lave me, Paddy, (says she) all alone by meself? Oh, look at our cottage and the peat-stack—where will you find the likes of it in another country, Paddy? Then there's the bit of a bog yonder for the pigs and the geese, and your own dare Norah, and the pratee garden. Oh, why will you go, Paddy, and lave me all alone by meself?' And then, your honour, I put my arms round her neck, (for I couldn't spake a word,) and my tears fell trickling on a bosom that looked like twin roses moistened with dew. 'Oh, I niver felt before nor, since as I did at that same moment! But then Mr. Sarjent must have his say, divel twist him to the right about round the rim of the moon,—God forgive me that I should have unchristian feelings tow'rds the vilest of his creatures; 'Come, come, young man, (says he) fall into the ranks and march; you'll soon find prettier girls to lead a wild-geese chase!' Bad manners to him for that same, to try and make my own dare Norah believe that her Pat would iver cease to love her

as his own heart's blood; so I up and tould him I didn't like to be made game of. 'Well, well, (says he) I suppose an honest sodger may have a kiss.'—'Arrah, dress back to the rear, (says I) Mr. Sarjent, for by me soul, if you lay but one of your thieving-hooks upon a digit of her corporal substance, faith! but I'll brake me arm across your face, so I will.' Well, your honour, and so he persisted in that same, and catch'd hould of her gown. Oh, 'twas more than Irish blood could brook, and 'Lay there jewel!' says I, stretching him along upon mother earth before he could cry 'whack!' and then they put iron mittens on me, and tore my swate love away. I thought me brain would have turned, and so they took me before ould Justice Ballymagfoglem, and poor Pat was committed for a rogue and a vagabond, and marched off for Cork under a military guard; and put into jail.

"A few days afterwards and the transports were going to sail; so they trotted me down to the beach, and there I found a great many more like meself. Well, just as I was stepping into the boat, I heard the swate voice of my own dear Norah, and so I stepped back again. 'Jump into the boat! you mutinous rascal,' says the sarjent. 'Rascal yourself, (says I) Mr. Sarjent; do you think his honoured majesty, God bless him! would refuse me one last embrace from the dare cratur I'd broke

the bit o' gold with? Arrah, be aisey now, and paws off,' for they began to handle me again, your honour. 'Let the poor fellow alone!' said the midshipmite of the boat; 'let him alone to spake to the girl.'—'God bless you! young jontleman (says I) for that same. May your father niver have to sorrow over your mother's son!'

"And so poor Norah came to me; but I couldn't throw my arms round her neck now, your honour, for the bracelets they had clapped upon my wrists; but she stooped down and got between them, and we were folded to each other's hearts. Oh, sir, I feel it at this moment, and hope you won't think the worse of poor Pat for the dthrop in his eye. Well, we were obliged to part; 'Oh Paddy, (says she) niver, niver forget your country or your Norah!'—and bad luck to me, your honour, if ever I did—and she waved her apron till I saw her out of sight, and then I could have laid down and died. 'Niver forget your country or your Norah!' were her last words; and they have ever been engraven on my heart, by the same token that Corporal Flannagan, who had received a 'varsity edecation where he was brought up to run ar-rands and clane shoes, composed the beautifulest song,—oh! your honour, it would do your heart good to hear it. Faith, and it's here I've got it, along with the bit of broken gold and a lock of my own darling's hair, all black and shining,—oh!

they're a rich treasure to poor Pat. My hair was like it once, but now my head is silvered over with the snow of age; but my heart is as warm as iver, and melts with tenderness, spite of the frost of adversity that has so often nipped it. Would your honour like to rade that same? or shall I rade it to you? Oh, I can repeat it by heart, for sure it is always laying next to it.

'Dear land of my fathers, their glory and pride,  
Who fought for their homes and in Freedom's cause died;  
The hallow'd green turf-mound marks each sacred spot,  
And their spirits still cry, Let us ne'er be forgot!  
Forget you? Ah never, whilst Shannon's stream flows,  
And Liberty's tree on dear Erin's land grows,  
To yield us shilelahs to lather our foes

Will Paddy forget you,—ah never!

'Your lovely green meadows, all sparkling with dew,  
Where Norah first met me, how dear to my view;  
Remembrance now pictures the sweet little cot,  
And I hear her last words, Let me ne'er be forgot!  
Forget you? Ah never! though now far apart,  
Still faithful and honest shall be this poor heart;  
Till life's latest breath from my lips shall depart

Can Paddy forget you?—ah never!"

"There, your honour, what do you think of that for a composition? oh sure, it's a sublimity. 'Can Paddy forget you? ah never!' But to make the long of the short of it and go on with my story; I was sent on board a transport, and the next day we sailed with the rest for the West Injees, and all the passage out I was drilled morning, noon,

and night, till I was as thin as a pratee dibble,—marching and countermarching between two guns on the deck, that wer'n't more nor six feet asunder; and what with the sea-sickness, and the drilling, and the six-upon-four,\* I was almost done up by the time we got to Jemakee, where they make niggers of the poor blacks.

“Och! your honour, but that was the place for the yellow faver and the land crabs, and may-be I didn't get a long spell in the hospital, that made me as thin as a ramrod and as wake as ten-water grog. But I got over that bout; though many's the brave sodger I've seen hearty and well at sunset—talking about home and the darlins—and a loathsome corpse before morning, and buried by day-break. By me conscience, death gives but little more warning there than he does in the field of battle. Yet I got used to the place at last, and there I was made a corporal, and should have been contint but for the thoughts of my poor Norah.

“Well, many years after this, the regiment was ordered to the River Plate, and so we landed in Maldonado Bay and took the Island of Goretta. Oh, your honour, it made my heart ache to see the poor souls lie bleeding on the ground, and to be obliged to stick my bayonet into the breast of a

\* Six men upon four men's allowance of provision.

fellow-cratur! But I thought of my ould mother's advice, sure,—'Do your duty like a man.' After this, we sailed up to Monte Video, and I shall niver forget to remember that same, when we stormed the breach over a scaling ladder of dead bodies that came tumbling down upon us as fast as we could get up. By and by, somebody fetches me the terriblest poke of the sconce; it made the light dance in my eyes like sparks from a sky-rocket, and who should it be but my old friend Sarjent Linstock, sure, as dead as a red herring, your honour. 'Long life to you, jewell (says I) for taking yourself out of the way so dacently;' but my heart smote me as soon as I had said it. 'Shame to you, Paddy, (thought I) to rejoice in the downfall of any man; you don't know how soon it may be your own turn,' and it struck me all of a heap entirely, so I stood stock still. 'On, on, my brave fellows!' roared somebody in the rear, giving me a prick behind with the bayonet; it made me jump like a billy-goat, and so I rushed on, headed by our brave captain, and we entered the town.

"Well, there was a comical fellow of the name of Taylor\* (he was a sailor commanding a private

\* This anecdote of Taylor, I have since found to be correct. He commanded a small brig, and was commissioned by the Spaniards; so that when the English fleet first anchored off Monte Video, he was under Spanish colours, having

brig of war) advanced with us, having a bag of Union-Jacks over his shoulder to hoist upon the batteries. When we got into the great square ould Elio, the governor, stood ready with his troops to receive us; so we charged, and Taylor running on, knocked the ould fellow down with the bag of Jacks, and after that, och! but it was all dickey with them.

“ ‘Arrah, Paddy, what booty have you got? says Corporal Blacketer. ‘Sorrow the scurragh,’ says I. ‘Och, hone to your heart, look here!’ says he; and so, your honour, he turns round upon his back, and puts his hand into his haversack, and pulls out a little silver image, that I knew at first glance was St. Peter. ‘Oh, you tief o-the-world, (says I,) what, rob a church?’—‘No, no, (says the

brought in the most daring manner a cargo of cattle for the city, which, being closely invested, was short of provisions. These cattle he landed in a small sandy bay, but payment for them was refused. That night he came out in his boat (a beautiful Deal galley) clandestinely to the English admiral, and offered his services as a pilot, and also to bring off the cattle that was landed, provided he had a strong party from the ships to assist him. His offer was accepted, and he accomplished the undertaking. After the cessation of hostilities, he settled at Buenos Ayres, and acted as a pilot for the River Plate; but on the declaration of independence and the war between Buenos Ayres and Monte Video, he was appointed to command the squadron of the former. Since then, he joined Lord Cochrane, when admiral of the Brazilian navy, and commanded a Brazilian frigate. He is, I believe, still in existence, and holds high rank at Rio Janeiro.



corporal,) I had it from an honest priest, to redeem his *corpas-any-mule-he* from danger. And see here, (opening his cartouche-box and showing another,) and here, (tapping his knapsack that bulked out,) see here! I've got all the saints in the calendar dacently buckled up; faith, here's enough to make an almanack.'

"But what plased me most was, the good cheer we met with after our long voyage. I'll engage we wasn't long getting the camp-kettles to work. Oh, there was beef and mutton for picking up, and turkeys and chickens enough to stock all the *uphoulsterers* in the united kingdom. Oh, your honour, didn't we live like fighting cocks, sure?"

At this moment, an elderly female called to the veteran from the door of a snug little cottage, mantled with evergreens and surrounded by a garden neatly laid out, and kept in the most exact order.

"Faith! (said he) but my baccy's ready; and will your honour condescend to walk into the cabin, to rest yées a little while?"

I told him my engagements would not at that moment permit me; but as I should remain some time in the neighbourhood, I would most certainly visit him once more before I quitted that part of the country.

"I hope no offence," said he, "but I should be proud to do meself the honour of your acquaint-

ance, so I would; and if you could make it convenient to give poor Pat a call now and then, 'twould cause joy to dance in his heart, and pleasure would stretch out the wrinkles in his withered countenance. Long life to your honour, and may God bless you!"

The veteran rose from his seat, gave his hand a military flourish to his hat, and marched off in ordinary time to his cottage; whilst I pursued my way to the residence of a friend, reflecting on the vicissitudes of life.

A few days after this adventure, I again visited the spot; and on advancing to the village green, I observed my friend Pat with some twenty little urchins drawn up in a line, each with a broomstick or mop-handle, going through the various evolutions of the drill-ground. He was in the first position for facing to the right; and the youngsters, with mouths and eyes wide open, were watching the motion.

Though seventy winters had spent their storms upon his head, he stood erect and firm, and at that moment would have been a fine study for an artist. "To the right face!" said he, and the motion brought him full in my front; his hand was flourished to his hat in an instant, and from a countenance expressive of command, it changed to one of the most lively pleasure. "Oh, joy to the hour that I see your honour again! Faith!

but delight is bateing the roll upon the drum of my heart, and every swate sensation is answering to the muster."

The children, no longer under control, were charging each other in front and rear, which annoying the veteran, he exclaimed, "Arrah be aisey, and don't be after making such a hubaboo. Double quick time, march!" and off they started, as wild as young colts. "Are any of these your own?" inquired I. "Oh no, your honour," he replied mournfully; "when the turf covers poor ould Pat, his lamp will be clane put out. But see at yon gossoon; oh, it makes my heart ache to look at him, for he has never a friend in the world, nor in Ireland eather, save and beside myself, your honour. Sure, isn't he a darling of a boy, by token that he's the very image of my own dare Norah. Come here, Casey, und spake to the gentleman; don't stand rubbing your pate there."

A fine healthy lad with long flaxen curls approached, and took hold of my hand; but this did not altogether agree with the old soldier's ideas of etiquette, and he continued addressing the youth, "Run off, you ragged rascal, and let his honour alone. Don't stand grubbing with your ten toes, like a pig in a pratee garden. Faith, but he's off; and now perhaps your honour would like to know a little more of my history? But first I'll go back to the end, and tell you straight for-

ward in a circuitous manner, that we mayn't set out in a round about way.

"Sure and wasn't it at Monte Video that you left me last? And faith, I might have staid there till death, and longer, but they ordered me up for Boney's Airs; and och, hone, but we suffered severely at that place, marching up to our middles in water without rations and without rest for three days. And then the assault,—bad luck to the divill!—didn't we charge into the town with our bagnets, and nothing but our hammers in the locks? and that, too, where every house was a battery in itself, and we had no enemy to meet on plain ground? By the powers of Moll Kelly, but they knocked us down like bastes in a slaughter-house, and divil a rap could we give 'em again. Only think, your honour, of straight streets crossing each other at right angles, so that a nine-pounder at the end of one street was a defence for the whole; and then they pulled down a part of the cathedral, so that nothing might stop the shot.

"Oh, that was a terrible consarn, so it was, and many brave fellows lost their billet; for these Spaniards had an ugly knack of knocking the wounded on the head after they were kilt. Sure, wasn't I one of the party that stormed the Pizzelaro del Tow-row, where the bulls fight? and didn't we make a big bull of it? for how could we

get at 'em, your honour, seeing there was not even the spoke of a ladder by way of staircase? Ah, then poor Pat tumbled down with a wound I got in the breast, and then I thought of dare little Ireland and Norah; and so I struggled to get up again, but all was of no use; so I fainted with the loss of blood, and there I lay, spachless and comical entirely.

“Well, when I woke, I heard a soft swate voice spaking to me in broken English—it was just like Norah’s, your honour; and so I opened my day-lights to take a peep at the angel, for I thought it was her own dare self come in a phantomical manner to cheer my weary spirit, about to quit this world of trouble, only I couldn’t make out the brogue; but not a soul did I see, saving and except a young officer in the uniform of a Spanish hussar kneeling by my side and feeling my pulse, which was now bateing the dead march. The creature started when I showed my peepers, and the cap flew from its head. Oh, I shall never forget to remember that same, for it was a woman, your honour, and her long auburn locks came clustering down her forehead, and she looked like the commander-in-chief of the cherry-bums. Oh, she was beauty’s queen, and a countryman of my own; for though French by birth, she was married to a son of the sod. Long life to her, whether she’s dead or alive, for her kindness to poor

Pat! for didn't she have me carried by the vice-roy's sarvants to snug quarters, where my wound was dressed and the ball distracted? Faith, and she did, your honour, and many more besides me; for after the battle—having a regard for the brave sodger, and knowing that many lay bleeding on the ground—she put on the regimentals of a captain of hussars, as one of General Liniers' aids-de-camp, and rode through the scenes of carnage to stop the murderers' hands.\* Oh, wasn't she a darling of a soul? Ax General Beresford, your honour, for he knew her very well, by token—but that's none of my business to notice; only 'twas whispered as soft as a peal of bells, that they found his image in wax-work, all alive and kicking, your honour.

“But the worst of it was the loss of our colours, that hung dangling in the church of San Nicho-

\* I have since ascertained the accuracy of poor Pat's statement. The lady was Madame O'Gorman, a native of the Mauritius, and married to Captain O'Gorman, brother to the great counsellor of that name. She was a remarkably fine woman, and possessed great influence over Liniers, the vice-roy. Bold and daring in her manners, and of an intrepid disposition, she attended the viceroy during the battle habited in the dress of an officer of hussars; and after the failure of the attack, she rode through the town, at the imminent risk of her life, to protect the wounded. Her brother was in the Spanish service, and was one of the officers present when Sir Samuel Auchmuty surrendered his sword.

las, where the brave Sir Samuel Auchmuty had suffered so much, and was compelled to surrender; but that was a sad job to make the most of it, and all through the treachery and cowardice of Whitelocke, bad luck to his powthered fiz-bog. But the colours, your honour, oh, didn't they stick in my gizzard, sure? and so I spoke a word or two about it to my ould comrade, Corporal Blacketer. 'What's to be done,' says he. 'Arrah, decently walk off with them,' says I. 'How's that?' says he. So seeing he had no liking to the matter, I was obliged to close my chather-box, and soon after we sailed down the river.

"Well, about two years afterwards, an ill wind blow'd me there again, and I couldn't help going to take a sly peep. Oh, didn't I get into a big rage, sure, when they struck like a blight upon my eyes? 'Oh Paddy, (says I) twig 'em, and take shame to yourself for not dislodging them from their height;' and so it bothered me night and day, your honour, that I could'nt slape a wink, nor ever cease to think of it while waking.

"Well, one evening Jerry Driscoll and meself were ashore, taking a sup of the cratur. Jerry was a broth of a boy, and knew that two and two made five when his own ugly mug was shoved in to balance the account. He was a blue jacket, your honour, belonging to a sloop of war. 'Arrah Jerry, (says I) shall we do the thing?'—'Faith and

we will, (says he) and the more by token that they have stuck the bunting up!' as indeed they had, your honour, with R. M. B. on it, for Royal Marine Battalion. So when night came, off we set with a long rope and got safe into the middle of the centre of the church, and clapped ourselves in ambush clane out of sight where nobody could see us.

"About midnight, 'Now Jerry, (says I) you must mount a reev-o; only take care the rope does not get round your neck.' Well, just as we were going to begin, we heard the most terriblest noise; and what should it be but one of the padres, who had been sipping the supernaculum and fallen asleep in the sentry-box—arrah, the confessional-box, I mane. Bad manners to him for stretching his daylights and prying into honest men's affairs. Oh! your honour, he roared like a pope's bull, and out he came as big as three moderate sized aldermen. 'Arrah, be aisey,' says Jerry, giving him a thump in his rotunda, which would have held a cathedral, 'can't you behave yourself, jewel?' Thump went Jerry again, till his coporation sounded like a big drum, or a Chinese gong. The sentry peeped in at the church-door; Jerry twigged him and cotched the friar round the neck, and down they rolled together, both roaring with all their might.—'Arrah, Jerry, (says I) don't you mane to get up?' 'Oh,



the murdering rascal, (says he) don't you see how he's using me;' and indeed, your honour, the padre was belaboring him entirely with both his fists. I ran to assist, but a sarjent entered with the guard.

" 'What's the matter here?' says the sarjent,—for he was a countryman, your honour, that had deserted from Whitelocke's army.—'Oh, by my conscience, (says Jerry) but that same fellow is a thumping rogue, so he is.'—'Be aisey,' says the sarjent; and so he speaks to the padre in broken Spanish, and tells him to get up; but he couldn't do that thing till the sodgers lever'd him up with their firelocks. And then he tells them a long story about his being asleep, and dreaming that somebody was trying to steal the Virgin Mary, and that San Nicholas tweaked his nose, and that he woke and cotched us at it. 'Do you hear that?' says the sarjent. 'Faith and I do,' says Jerry; 'but sorrow the silly-bull do I understand at all, at all. All I know of the matter is, that we were passing by and heard the poor jontleman hollaing; so we ran in, and thinking he'd got the cramp in the stomach, I rubbed his *eminence* a little; when the ungrateful fellow knocked me down, and threw himself on the top of the outside of me, and I'm almost mumm'd to a jammy—arrah, no, jumm'd to a mammy—och, botheration, it's jamm'd to a mummy I mane.'—'But what's that

rope!' said the sarjent, pointing to it. 'Oh, the sinner,' says Jerry, 'and sure he was going to hang himself, but didn't like it; faith, but it's all plain enough now, Mr. Sarjent, and by the powers we've saved his life.'

"However, your honour, they marched us off to the guard-house, Jerry and I; and there we staid till morning light, like the babes in the wood, our hearts bateing the tattoo all the time, fer we'd no great relish to the mines for life. But, joy betide the friar; he made it all out to be a miracle, and so we were released for the honour of San Nicholas, in spite of the thwacks he got in his corporation, that would have held a whole bench of bishops; and so the colours hang there till this time, your honour, unless they've taken them down since.\* Happy enough were we to get out of that, and they said the friar would be

\* This too I have found to be correct. They had not been taken down a short time since, and the Spaniards were extremely proud of the trophies. The damage done by the British artillery to the churches and steeples was promptly repaired; but the spots where the shot struck were painted black, and in some instances the shot themselves were left remaining in the walls. The Spaniards execrated the name of Whitelocke, and expressed great disgust whenever it was mentioned. As a set-off against this, a friend informs me that, in several houses at Buenos Ayres, he saw framed upon the walls the series of British engravings of the Battle of Trafalgar, Death of Nelson, &c.

*cannonized*; but Jerry swore they should ram him into a *mortar*, or marry him to the gunner's daughter, before he would go colour-staling again, with a vengeance to it."

I left the old man with a promise of visiting him again; and in a few months afterwards, being in the same part of the country, I strolled towards his usual resort—the village green. There was no busy hum of voices—no cheering laugh, or infantile prattle; the grass grew as luxuriant as ever, but the children were listlessly scattered about, as if they had lost the common tie which once had bound them together:—the veteran was no more. In a corner of the churchyard, below a time-shattered elm, was a turf-raised mound, and beneath it lay the mouldering remains of poor Pat. It was a lonely spot, and the villagers took delight in keeping it clear from weeds. A few wild flowers blossomed around, and some rustic had carved a rude memorial on a slab of wood. There were guns and swords neatly cut at the top, and underneath was cyphered a plain P. M. Below these letters appeared this simple elegy,—

*A Soldier's Grave.*

It was enough, and its language spoke more closely to the heart than all the pompous eulogies

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